

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

VOL. XXV. NO. 238.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., TUESDAY JULY 5, 1910.

The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged with The Herald, July 1, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS.



HON. EDWARD H. ADAMS,
Mayor.



J. P. CONNOR,
Chairman of Finance Committee.



E. P. STODDARD,
Secretary.



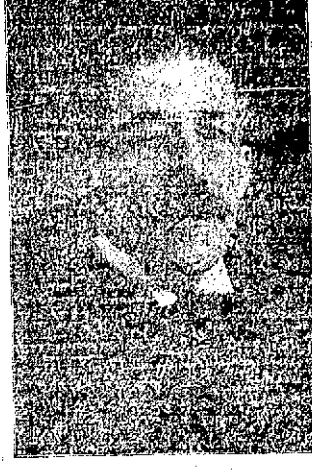
J. W. NEWELL,
Chairman of Committee on Sports.



JAMES H. DOW,
Member of Executive Committee.



W. J. CATER,
Member of Executive Committee.



F. E. HASTY,
Member of Executive Committee.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS RETURN

ALL PERSONS HAVING

accounts against the Fourth of July with this request will greatly assist committee are requested to render the Executive Committee.

them at once to Joseph P. Connor at the postoffice. A prompt compliance with this request will greatly assist committee are requested to render the Executive Committee.

LOST—A pigskin wallet at the circus, July 1. Finder return to this office. \$10.00 reward. No questions asked.

One of the Most Successful Celebrations in the History of the City—Parade a Big Feature—Athletic Sports—Literary Exercises and Fireworks.

IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO USE THE BEST TOILET ARTICLES



By far the safest, the most satisfactory—in the end the cheapest. We sell ONLY best qualities—ONLY the most favored kinds—so you can easily see its BEST to make purchases of Toilet Articles at this store.

And there's another reason why you ought to buy here—a very good reason—our prices are lowest—they're in keeping with the pricing policy of the store.

EXAMPLES:

Colgate's Talcum Powder.....	15c	Elcaya Cream.....	50c
Meunier's Talcum Powder.....	15c	Pompeian Massage Cream.....	50c
Hudnut's Talcum Powder.....	25c	Daggett & Ramsdell's Cream.....	25c and 35c
Sanitol Powder.....	25c	Hudnut's Marvellous Cream.....	50c
Sana Dermal Powder.....	15c	Parker's 2-50-2 Cream.....	25c
Comfort Powder.....	17c and 30c	Michelson's Bay Rum.....	37c, 50c, \$1.00
Listerine.....	21c and 75c	Pond's Extract.....	25c, 50c, \$1.00
Hydrogen Peroxide.....	10c and 15c	Holmes' Frostilla.....	10c
Hudnut's Almond Mas.....	25c	Hudnut's Extreme Violet Water.....	75c
Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder.....	19c	L. T. Pivers' Toilet Water.....	79c
Sanitol Tooth Powder.....	21c	Roger & Gallet Toilet Water.....	85c and \$1.37
Sheffield's Tooth Paste.....	19c	Vantide's Toilet Waters.....	75c and 89c
Packer's Tar Soap.....	19c	Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.....	45c
Roger & Gallet Soap.....	29c	Pure White Vaseline.....	10c and 19c
Pears' Soap.....	14c and 17c	Williams' Brilliantine.....	25c
Colgate's Soaps.....	5c to 24c cake	Westphal's Auxiliator, for the hair.....	25c
Sanitol Soap.....	17c	Sanitol Hair Tonic.....	50c

READY-TO-WEAR DEPT.

The Geisha Tailor Made Waists, each in a box, beautifully tailored, Tucked and Embroidered.....1.50, 1.98, 2.50, 2.98
Crossbar Lawn Waists, some embroidered, special at.....69c
Black Jap and Soisette Waists, button front or back.....1.98
Tailored Lawn Waists, stiff collars and cuffs, plain tucked and embroidered fronts, also in Co-ed style, choice at.....1.00
New Pongee Coats, embroidered and fancy collars and cuffs.....5.50, 8.75 and 12.50
Heatherbloom Petticoats, all colors, special at.....1.00 each

COTTON UNDERWEAR DEPT. SPECIAL SALE OF WHITE PETTICOATS.

1 lot, 5 dozen in all, the handsomest lot of Skirts ever offered for at these two prices..2.25 and 2.50
These Skirts have a very deep Swiss Hamburg Flounce, lace edge drest ruffle and made of the best cotton, actual values 2.98 and 3.50, choice at.....2.25 and 2.50 each

Geo. B. French Co

The 1910 Return of the Sons and Daughters to old Portsmouth was one grand glorious success and it has taken a fitting place in the history of Portsmouth with the great celebration of 1852-73 and 83, when everything is told, if in anything exceeded any of the above mentioned dates.

Portsmouth's luck prevailed again Monday and out of an east wind with occasional showers came one of the most perfect days of the summer and all in time for the first of the exercises of an exceedingly busy day. The night before the Fourth was cold and raw with the wind out of the east and with rain falling at midnight and occasional showers during the early morning hours. Day broke with every indication of a stormy day, but as the morning grew the early risers began to take heart and at nine o'clock the sun was breaking through the clouds and with the wind shifted to the north-west and increasing every minute the weather conditions were assured and the success of the day a foregone conclusion. The weather while hot was tempered by a cool breeze, and it was ideal for the marshing bodies.

In the opinion of many of the old timers it was one of the best celebrations Portsmouth has ever had, with a parade that has never been exceeded in this city where parades for celebrations have been feasted that have made the city famous. There was but a single hitch when a break in the line after passing the reviewing stand at the Rockingham, when in pulling out of the ranks, the Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R., were followed by the division back of them and they got over into Islington street instead of continuing up Middle street. Part of the division did manage to get back onto the route of the parade but others did not. It was one of those regrettable mistakes that are liable to happen in any parade of that magnitude.

The crowd which gathered in the city to witness the parade has only been exceeded in numbers on one or two occasions. They came early and long before the hour appointed for the parade they had taken every point of vantage along the route of the parade. They were from everywhere, for outside of the returning sons and daughters and former residents there were thousands of people from all the surrounding towns, and from along the line of railroads.

The trains from east and west had extra cars and the Concord train was packed all bound to this city, many being down from as far as Concord and Manchester had a big delegation. The electric roads running into the city began running extra cars early in the day and they were simply unable to handle the crowd that traveled between 8.30 and 11 o'clock. For instance, on the Atlantic Shore Line the ferry hauled 700 passengers for the ten o'clock trip making several trips to get them over, and this was no heavier than several around that time. The local electric road had every available car out and they kept the crowd moving very well. These with the hundreds that came in automobiles, made up a crowd that was a big one.

The aides of the parade, under the direction of the Chief Marshal, began moving the marching bodies before ten o'clock, and with the several bands of music there was something to keep the crowd interested about all of the time.

Governor Quincy Arrived.

Governor Henry D. Quincy accompanied by Adj. Gen. H. B. Cliley arrived on the Concord train, and they were met at the depot by Chairman Hackett and under escort of two companies of Coast Artillery companies of the New Hampshire Coast Artillery under Major C. H. Hoyt, driven to the Hotel Rockingham.

Arrival of the Boston Sons and Daughters.

The special train of the Boston Sons and Daughters which contained the Worcester and Lynn delegations as well, arrived shortly after ten o'clock, being delayed by an accident at Ipswich, when a Pullman was killed by being struck by the engine. As the depot they were met by the members of the party who came down in the advance and waiting for them were the members of the P. A. C. headed by Lurvey's band of Lynn. Some little time was consumed in getting the Boston delegation equipped with their sun shades, of which there were three colors, red, white and blue and also in breaking up the reunion that followed their appearance in the de-

day was the presentation of a magnificent laurel wreath by the Boston delegation to the Soldiers and Sailors monument at Goodwin park. This took place upon the arrival of the Boston delegation at the park, where they were joined by the Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R.

The wreath, a handsome affair, made by Miss Helen Pearson of this city for the Boston sons, was presented by Col. Thomas E. O. Marvin in behalf of the Boston sons and daughters and it was accepted by Senior Vice Commander Henry S. Paul, in behalf of the Grand Army.

Parade Formed.

All of this time the parade was being formed with the various organizations marching to their stations in line, which extended up to Cabot street on Islington street. The floats were on Cabot street and the industrial floats on Court street.

There was some little delay in starting and it was nearly 11.30 when the parade moved through solid ranks of people from Congress street to Pleasant street and then into State, to Water, to Mirny

A, retired, members of the City Council, and others. The route was then up Middle street to Cabot, through Cabot to Islington, where they were dismissed.

The parade took twenty-five minutes in passing the reviewing stand and all the marching companies got a fine hand. The military bodies were great and well received, but it was the visiting sons who were given the ovation, the New York sons, escorted by the Portsmouth Cadets, and right here it may be well to state that this company of young men have made a most creditable showing in the time they have been drilling. Then came the P. A. C., with full ranks, escorting the Boston sons. The P. A. C. made a great showing having in their ranks the biggest percent of the members that have ever turned out. The Boston delegation with their red, white and blue sunshades, received the greatest attention, and they deserved every hand they got along the entire line for they made a grand showing.

The floats made up a most interesting part of the parade, and the different ones received a great ovation along the entire line.

The floats were two entered by the Grafton club, one for the vacation school and another representing Miss Grafton, represented by Miss Beatrice Hartford. The next float was one by the Massasoit Tribe of Red Men, and it represented the early Indian life, with an escort of Indians. The Knights of Columbus had a handsome float representing the landing of Columbus with the figures of Columbus taken by John C. Kirvan, Spanish officers by Charles Sheehan, Jere Lyons, Michael B. Herlihy, Thomas Condon, Missionary father, Phillip Berriman, and Indians, John T. Sheehan, F. A. Sheehan and William Micott. This float was escorted by the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, under command of John C. Dolan, P. S. D., and the Manchester chapter under command of John Willis, P. G. K., all in silk hats and frock coats. The Strawberry Bank Grange was a very handsome float, symbolical of their order, and the Hebrew society had an allegorical float. The Colored Society had a pretty float and the last was a collection of the banners used by the returning sons in 1873, entered by Charles W. Gray.

The industrial floats were all very handsomely done and very attractive.

The Evening Fireworks.

The concluding exercises of a very busy day were the fireworks which were set off at the South playgrounds and as a small estimate were witnessed and enjoyed by five or six thousand people. It was an ideal spot and with the great range gave everybody a chance. The fireworks were furnished by Masten and Walls and the operators here were F. H. Osgood of Portland and J. E. Steward of Boston.

The numbers were all good, in fact it was one of the best displays ever seen in this city. The numbers were as follows:

The closing event was the departure of the Boston delegation on their special train, which left at 9.35. Everybody aboard were greatly pleased with the reception and the great many friends they had seen.

At the P. A. C.

The Portsmouth Athletic Club did themselves proud. In the first place they had a fine band concert, and turned out a procession they are proud of. In the afternoon open



HON. WALLACE HACKETT
Chairman of Committee.

pot, for it was one grand "Welcome and to the South Mill Bridge, then Home." Headed by Chief of Staff A. J. Rowe to the Rockingham hotel, where the parade was reviewed by Governor Athletic Club, the Boston delegation, James O. Lyford, Dr. E. O. Crossman, Col. True L. Norris, Dr. John W. Par, formed in line. Presented a Wreath for Monument, sons, Hon. W. R. Marvin, Mr. Fred. The first of the exercises of the crack M. Sise, Major Harold, U. S. proud of. In the afternoon open

house was held and refreshments served.

Lunch at Rockingham Hotel.
Following the parade a lunch was served at the Rockingham for the guests, which included besides Governor Quincy, Senator J. H. Gallagher and Senator H. C. Burleigh, the officers of the city and town, the speakers and other distinguished persons and daughters. Manager Patton turned the billiard hall into a banquet hall and a very nice buffet lunch was served, by a competent corps of waiters.

The Boston delegation with the other out of town guests were given a lunch.

What They Had to Eat.

On the upper floor of the machine shop building a score of colored waiters handled the work of feeding the guests under the supervision of the collation committee. This part of the work in connection with the event was perfectly arranged and carried out to the satisfaction of everybody. The lunch included hundreds of chicken, turkey, tongue and ham sandwiches, one hundred and fifty pounds of cheese, fifty gallons of coffee, three hundred sheets of cake, twelve bunches of bananas, ten boxes of oranges, rolls, doughnuts, fancy crackers.

Following the serious business of eating, there was an adjournment for a look about the city and a call on old friends and on every corner could be seen reunions. In fact, it was one grand reunion all during the day, for the visitors were receiving the grand welcome on every side, no matter where they went.

Beginning at two o'clock there was a band concert on the parade, the Portsmouth City band, and on Haymarket square by the Rochester City band, and they were both excellent. At the same time the Lyceum band gave a concert on the lawn of the Portsmouth Athletic Club and at the playgrounds the Nevins' band played, so that at no time there was a lack of music.

The Athletic Sports.

The public playground was rightly dedicated in the afternoon by a fine line of sports, the best that has been pulled off in the city for many days. A very enthusiastic crowd witnessed the contests among which were a large gathering of ladies who displayed much interest in the several events.

The navy, Young Men's Christian Association, Catholic Union and other organizations were represented, and everybody who was on the grounds thoroughly enjoyed every minute.

The first contest was the hundred yard dash, won by E. W. Strother, in the final heat. Time, eleven seconds. M. H. Vesock, second; A. H. Douglass, third.

Running high jump, J. H. Morrill, M. C. A., first, five foot, two and three-fourths inches. A. H. Douglass, U. S. New Hampshire second, five foot, three-fourths inches. D. J. Long, third, four foot, ten and one-fourth inches.

Putting shot, won by W. A. Kennard of the Warwick club, thirty-nine feet, nine inches; Mischner, second, thirty-seven feet, nine inches; Douglass, third, thirty-six feet, eleven inches.

One mile run, A. Barrett, P. C. U., first, five minutes, twenty-seven and four-fifths seconds. D. J. Long, second; M. Dowdall, third.

Quarter mile run, E. W. Strother first, fifty-eight and four-fifths seconds. M. F. Vesock, second; J. Weiland, third.

Hop, step and jump, A. H. Douglass, first, forty feet, nine inches; William Slade, second, thirty-eight feet and five inches. M. A. Barrett, third, thirty-six feet and eleven inches.

Running broad jump, A. H. Douglass, first, eighteen feet, eleven and one-half inches. George Michel, second, seventeen feet, seven and one-half inches. N. E. Saffer, third, seventeen feet and seven inches.

The baseball game followed between the Portsmouth and Marlboro and New Hampshire, and resulted in a victory for Portsmouth 4 to 0.

At Music Hall.

The literary exercises were held at Music Hall at four o'clock and there was a good audience, although the house was not crowded. On the stage were the speakers and the Boston sons and daughters and the entire program was very interesting. The Portsmouth City band played a selection before and after the exercises.

Chairman Wallace Hackett presided and in his usual good form, on behalf of the citizens' committee he welcomed the sons and daughters.

Mr. Hackett said:

Chairman Wallace Hackett's Address.
On an occasion of this kind we turn to the private lives of its citizens rather than to the public history of the community. About a hundred years ago Portsmouth enjoyed the greatest commercial prosperity. It was a small community, self-contained, and attending to its business, heedless of the outside world.

Prior to the coming of the railroad in 1840, traveling abroad was a formidable undertaking. The stage was advertised to leave for Boston at six o'clock in the morning. At half past four in the morning a man from the stage office knocked at the door and aroused the prospective passenger. At 5.30 he called with a chaise and conveyed the passenger to the Franklin house. At six the flying coach started, and barring accidents reached Boston about twelve hours later. When Jeremiah Mason represented New Hampshire in the United States Senate in 1812, he consumed fourteen days in reaching Washington from Portsmouth, traveling continuously by way of Albany in order to take advantage of the steamboat on the Hudson River. Shortly prior to that time the trip by stage from New York to Boston frequently occupied ten days' time. No wonder people stay at home, and by so doing they developed strong local character.

We like to dwell on these early days. Then many of the dignified mansions which still ornament the town were constructed. Merchants

engaged in extensive commerce had their counting-houses on barge. They built their own ships on their river banks, loaded them at their own wharves with their own cargoes, and sent them over the sea. The ship masters were men of broad accomplishments. They had to be merchants as well as navigators, explorers as well as diplomats. The ship and cargo was entrusted to them and the owner often had no knowledge of the venture till the ship returned, backing and filling up the Piscataqua on the way to the dock. It is related that one merchant stood on his wharf welcoming a ship which had been long absent. As soon as he could hail the captain he shouted: "What cargo have you?" "Indigo," replied the captain. "You have made me a fortune," said the merchant. In this connection we recall the honored names of Shufte, Rice, Ladd, Haven, Peirce, Goodwin, Satter, Hale Rollins, Jones and many others.

Many things mark the changes in manners and customs during the past hundred and more years: perhaps nothing more than the broader and higher education of the people. Following directly in the wake of this influence may be noted the change in the convivial habits of the people. We regard with amazement today the customs of former years disclosed by early church and public records, legal documents and traditions.

I recently saw an expense account of a funeral conducted many years ago. The total amount involved some \$150.00. More than half that amount was expended for spirit; and I take it that refers to the material and tangible commodity which we roughly class under the name of W. I. Goods—and not to the spirit of the departed.

Some time ago an elderly gentleman living in this state related to me an incident which fell under his own observation. When he was a boy a number of ministers came to his father's house. They were about to go on a short journey for some religious purpose. Before departing, the host proceeded to make a rum punch. One of the brethren took a deep interest in this procedure and he remarked to his host: "Brother Jones, I'll call your attention to the fact that it is a very cold day and you better make that punch a little milder."

With a change in the life of the nation, the habits of the members of the community have changed also. From the position of a very active town, holding the rank of twelfth in importance of the entire country, we have gradually assumed the conditions with which we are all familiar. Mercantile life and commerce passed away. It became necessary for our sons and daughters to join the great procession marching westward and to the larger cities. One by one the stage bore the boys and girls away to seek their fortunes in the far-off world.

New interests, however, have arisen to replace those which are departed, and in point of material prosperity the city is today in advance of any position in the past. Although former commerce has departed, the annual fair, the greater amount of large summer business has become of importance with us. The population is more numerous, and there are many things to indicate that we are approaching a period of growth and development in the near future greater than ever before.

Notwithstanding these changes the spirit of the old town remains true. We have been the scene of many public events. The return of Greeley in 1874, the Revere-Albany celebration in 1883, the Peace Conference in 1893 and Japan in 1895. Of all nothing touches the spirit of the people as does this Revere-Albany celebration. It shows that you love your old town.

Let me now turn you, children, to the future. You are, and have been, the sons and daughters of a great town. Don't lose touch with the old town. Don't lose touch with the old town. Don't lose touch with the old town.

Governor Henry B. Quincy was the next speaker and he was very eloquent, saying:

Governor Quincy's Address.
While your welcome to this city is dear to you by its associations is full of sincerity and hospitality no less heartfelt is the greeting which I, as the governor of New Hampshire extend to her sons and daughters gathered here.

No state in our Union has a greater claim to the attention and the loyalty of its citizens than has our own. It is our flag and our country which greet us and I can conceive of no more appropriate expression of these emotions than the words of Henry Van Dyke:

"Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air
And Paris is a woman's town, with lovers in her hair.
And it's sweet to dream in Venice.
But when it comes to living, there's no place like home.
Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me.
I want a ship that'll westward bound
To plow the rolling sea.
To the blessed land of room enough,
Beyond the ocean bars
Where the air is full of sunlight and
The flag is full of stars."

Mayor Edward H. Adams delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the city, and he said:

Mayor Adams' Address.

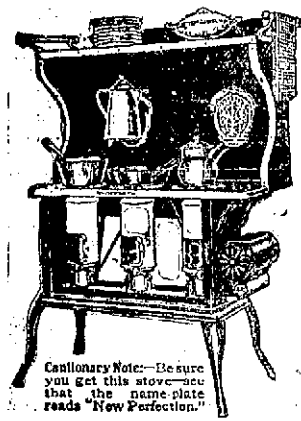
Mr. Chairman, Sons and Daughters, former residents and friends of Portsmouth, Ladies and Gentlemen:—
As a representative of the city I am obliged to welcome home this large and enthusiastic company. You have done us great honor in responding upon this occasion; in turn let me assure you that the freedom of the city is already yours and every official courtesy at my command will be gladly extended during your sojourn among us.
I am unable to eulogize old Strawberry Bank. She rises before you in distinct outline to speak for herself. You are familiar with the facts with which her history abounds. Her schools, her churches, her intelligence, her improvements, her records, her citizens, all these are her glory and shall ever be as long as the nation endures.
Today I plead for an enlargement of her possibilities. Located on the border of the sea she furnishes a temperature for a summer resort unequalled, with facilities for shipping and commerce unsurpassed, with a

Why Have an Overheated Kitchen in Summer?

When the sultry days come and the coal range makes the kitchen almost unbearable and cooking a dreaded task, put out the range fire and try the newest method of cooking in hot weather—use a

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

What a contrast! The kitchen no longer is stifling hot, the work is now done with comfort, and the housewife is not worn out with the heat.



Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

She saves her strength, keeps her health and is better able to enjoy the summer.

The New Perfection does everything that any other stove can do—all the family cooking, baking, washing and ironing. No smoke, no dust, no odor. Heat is applied directly and not wasted. A turn, and the flame is out.

The New Perfection stove has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3 burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

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by the sea as great and useful as Providence will make her good.

Rev. James De Normandie

Rev. James De Normandie gave a most delightful talk on "Some Past Incidents of the Churches" and he was in his usual happy mood and his inimitable style told of some of the incidents of the churches in the old days in this city and then of the later days when he was the pastor of the Old South Parish which at the time ranked with any in New England. He spoke of John Elwyn and his wonderful knowledge, and of other noted men of the city and it was with regret on the part of the audience that he sat down.

Hon. Frank W. Hackett.

Hon. Frank W. Hackett was the next speaker and he had for his subject, "Boyhood in Portsmouth" and he spoke in an interesting manner of the early boyhood days, and of the incidents of the times. He told how the main attraction was the trains that came in not so frequent as now and how the boys all sup



HON JACOB H. GALLINGER.

climate insuring health and happiness to all her citizens. Surely by nature Old Strawberry Bank is destined to be an important factor in our civilization.

When all New England gathered upon the summit of Bunker Hill to see the monument founded and to hear Daniel Webster, the great multitude surged up toward the platform until those in the front ranks were in great danger of being crushed. The marshal ordered the crowd back but a voice came up from the multitude, "It is impossible, it cannot be done." When Mr. Webster stepping to the front of the platform said, "Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill." And by a movement of his hand, the great multitude surged back.

Standing here today and looking into the faces of this large gathering, somewhat familiar with the purposes, the courage, the emotions, the enthusiasm that characterize her sons and daughters; I say nothing is impossible upon the historic soil of old Portsmouth. Brothers and Sisters, it remains with us to make this City

erintended the arrival and departure, the weekly cry out of the hand to the presence of the boys. Mr. Hackett, energized Post Lighthouse of this city and said that he hoped some day to see a memorial tablet erected to his memory.

Mrs. C. E. Whitton-tone

Mrs. C. E. Whitton-tone of Boston was introduced by Chairman Hackett as a daughter of Portsmouth, who had a poem read in the 1838 celebration and she delivered an original ode for this occasion.

Barrett Wendell's Address

Professor Barrett Wendell said in effect that the contribution of Portsmouth to the lasting literature of New England is perhaps more memorable than is always understood. Without the wonderful sympathetic personality of Mr. Fields, friend as well as publisher is all the most important of letters during the most important period of our literary history, we should have preserved as we now possess them, the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier,

Holmes, and Hawthorne. With the charming grace and accomplishment of Mr. Aldrich, who is so fully commemorated in this town, where his boyhood was passed, the history of literature in New England would almost end with the career of a generation of his elders. William L. G. Aldrich, the memory of whose brilliant view of nature set forth in his writings, and above all in the life of Mrs. Thaxter, the memory of whose brightest days of New England years would be incomplete. To call that great is perhaps too much. To say that they had their place in the period of our history which is so richly approached literary greatness is too little. For all alike preceded in life and have passed on to a place in the spiritual past of a heart which is the dearest grace of our ancestral New England.

Henry Clay Barnard

Mr. Henry Clay Barnard was the next speaker and the famous old actor received a grand hand when he arose to speak. He was down for a few talks and he made them very interesting. He has lately taken part in three of the celebrations in 1838, 1873 and at the present time. He was very entertaining and kept the audience good natured.

Hon. Moses Yeaz

Mr. Yeaton took for his subject "Home-land," and he made an allusion to Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story of a Bad Boy in reference to the old lights between the North Enders and the South Enders on "Damon's land." He told a story of a beggar's bounds of Portsmouth City, class in geography in which he alluded to the river was for Captain Paul Jones, Spring Market and Captain's gold-daw packet and a good place for the navy yard. He spoke of the Plains as a training ground and recalled how Jim Dow used to take the shingles on the old beam when he came to the bat. Thackeray poems were dear to his memories as a place where the boys used to swim, sail, skate and slide, a general recreation grounds in summer and winter. In closing he said, "So let us be that we wanted to gather up all tender memories, all lights and hopes of the heart, all vital and hopeful and parental effects of the past and let letters to write it with words would use the letters in capitals and words would read HOME."

Colonel Weare and the patriots of Portsmouth.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen and Ladies:

This lovely summer day, July 4, and us assembled in a city by the sea at this ancient, sunny, solemn, self-government. Some of us are sons of Portsmouth, and then it is an old Home Day. To think, like myself it is a fourth of July celebration; and that takes us back to the Revolution which events an moral sanction to our glorious Fourth. In what I have heard, then, I shall recall your attention from the present, the immediate past, to the distant period when my first hero, Colonel Meshach Weare of Hampton Falls, town officer, regimental commander, legislator, delegate to congress, chief justice an old man, a man of little Prov. in., turning himself into a sovereign state, filled every office in the gift of the people with a fidelity and a success that the public officials manifest, during the long period of half a century.

I spent an evening last week in the spacious house which lately fell to his youthful bride, 172 years ago; in which his ten children were born and where he himself lived and died, leaving a spotless name, a faithful character to the history of the state during the half-century. He was occupied in, he left Hampshire to acquire outside, the lands of England leather, and on his return he rich hues which time passed to the native white pine in which the cornice and the paneling of the house fully typifies the character of the father, plain and substantial, but for rural comfort rather than for magnificence, yet acquit in the fact that the careful virtues give such lives of patient, continuous, a modest achievement. As a statesman's case, whom in all a nation's remembrance, Col. Weare strongly resembles, he has left no question to carry on the old family name, but history will preserve it and his fame will only grow with time.

I had the good fortune, about two years ago, to find many of the longest papers of this family, a richly connected with the story of New Hampshire for a century and a quarter, and without whom the history of our Colony and State would have been far other than they have been. Other papers, safely housed in the cabinets of the Massachusetts Historical Society for more than 100 years, have been examined by me with two years past, and will furnish the material along with the many-volume family papers of four generations for a fuller biography of the wise patriot than it has before been possible to compile. Among the Bacon collection of letters and documents, I found a letter from a worthy and distinguished citizen of Portsmouth, John Wendell, who served Col. Weare by more than 20 years, (being about that much younger) which has given me a text, and which is in itself so interesting, that I will leave it to be printed in connection with these remarks. It illustrates well, what we knew before, that it takes all kinds of persons to make a world—even a little historical world of patriots—and there is a place for talents of all kinds, and room for every kind of activity, in the turmoil of a revolution—though ours in New Hampshire was free from most of the bloody and painful atrocities attendant on revolutions generally, and actually took its place within some of the most exposed States, like New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and the Carolinas.

The situation of Portsmouth was unlike that of most of the Province at the outset of that resistance to royal and ministerial oppression, which after a dozen years, finally overcame the natural affection of the colonists for the mother-country, when that country was England, the colonies of other states had at

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It Is The Taste! You Cannot Be Deceived!
THE FRANK JONES PORTSMOUTH ALE has the true flavor of purity of product, perfection in brewing.

NONE TASTES AS GOOD AS THE GENUINE.

FULL LINE OF S. S. Pierce's Fancy Groceries
ORDERS FILLED FROM THEIR PRICE LIST AT
TOWLE'S,
40 Congress St. Portsmouth
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF PICNIC GOODS.

JULY 4
Welcome to Our Absent Sons and Daughters, Here's to Their Health Order Eldredge's Famous Pilsner From Your Bottler

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE A NICE Light Weight Blue Serge Suit OR A PAIR OF Striped Flannel Trousers
A little different from what you see every day, made especially for you from your preference of our latest styles.
CHARLES J. WOOD, MAKER OF GOOD CLOTHES.

much respect for the power of England, and for its dose of liberty in the ever changing British constitution, that they often were found siding with England against the refractory provincials; as was the case for a few years with that French colonist in Orange county, N. Y., St. John de Grevecoeur. In Portsmouth wealth had accumulated in the hands of the royal governor and those selected as his council, many of whom were his intimate friends and relatives. On the farm of the Quaker, or the unworthy secretary of other forms of Bible Christianity, the influence of wealth and office under the crown, was scarcely felt at all; but in Boston, Portsmouth, and other commercial towns, the loyalists were not a few, either because they were drawn by the associations of wealth and fashion to the Tory side. While some of the crown officers were worthless or depraved persons such as the Stuarts were sent over in their evil time, (of whom Edward Cranfield had been a type) others were amicable and cultivated men, often American-born, like Gov. John Wentworth and Dr. Franklin's son, William, and such tried, as Wentworth did, to soften the measures of the ministry. There was also a class of Americans, of whom Weare and Wendell were instances, who, while opposing the aggressions of England, were very unwilling to separate our weak country from that strong one, and to expose the Protestant provinces to what had long been Catholic aggression, directed by theological odium. In this state of mind, which Col. Weare is said to have manifested in one of the Provincial congresses, Wendell remained for some months longer than his senior at Hampton Falls did. The country in general were almost all against King George, and Weare could not consent to join with the foreigner against his own people, with whom his relations were ever intimate.

As the husband of an heiress, and a favorite of the people, who insisted on electing him to any office within their reach or district, Weare had opportunities of enriching himself, as Franklin had. In view of this fact must be read his friend Wendell's remarks that Col. Weare "had sunk a fortune, and exposed a large family to danger of being ruined, by his close attention to the public." He had never a "fortune" in the sense that Hutchinson and Wentworth had one; but he was independent, and his ample mode of life left him so. He had been educated for the pulpit, but seldom had preached; and he turned such talent for public speaking as he had to the work of carrying measures of general utility. His law practice, after he took up that profession, was rather as a magistrate than an advocate, and he took no advantage of that profession to enrich himself, as St. John de Grevecoeur said most colonial lawyers did before the Revolution. This invective of the "American Farmer" against lawyers, attracted the notice of James Russell Lowell, who quoted it in a letter to his friend Godkin in 1869; it was written with the lawyers of Carolina specially in view.

Col. Thomas E. Marvin, who was down to speak on "Bad Boys," gave away as it was late and did not talk. The exercises closed with the reading of a poem written by a man in New York, who did not want his name used. Charles W. Gray read the poem, which was as follows:

WHAT THE BELLS SAID, July 4, 1910

Said the Old North to the Old South,
"The boys and girls are home today;
Sic Christian Shore to Cabot Street
"O, joy! If they should only stay!"

Then all the bells joined in the tune
Of "Home, Sweet Home," led by the chimes
Of the Church of Peace out in the fields,
The greatest peace of modern times.

But hark! What mean those questioning tones,
And answers told by iron tongues?
A human note in waves of sound,
And gossip blurted with sleepy songs.

Now, have you heard," the Old North said,
Its vibrant tones sent miles around,
"How Portsmouth boasts New York ahead,
By leaps, and then by bounds?"

Just take the Subway, New York's pride,
Her plan for healing Father Time;
There, Woodbury Langdon for your ride,
But don't forget your half a dime.

"Then not a great philanthropist,
Who says he dally younger grows,
Thanks to Ed. Emery's clothing fits,
And that's what everybody knows."

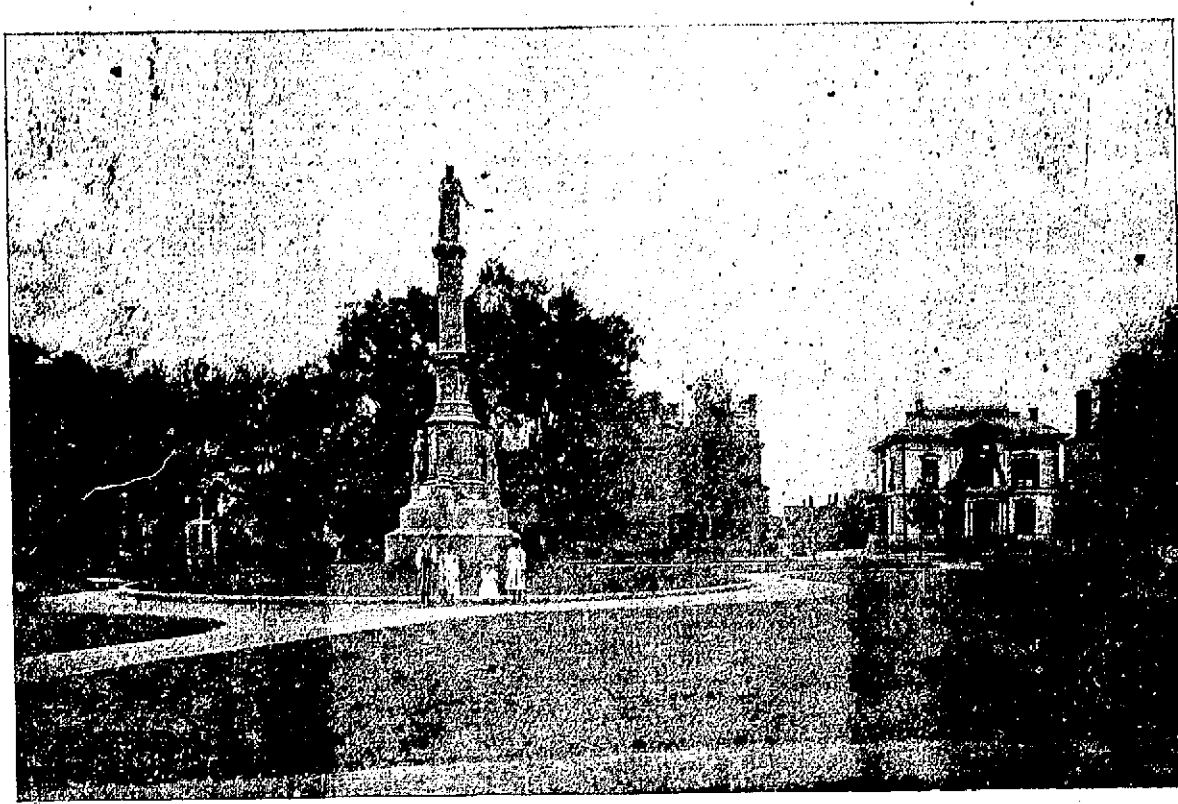
A merry bell here changed the rhyme
To quicker measure, faster, true;
"Joe Emery's a millionaire," 'tis said;
"He has to be to buy clothes of Ed."
While Ed's as good a tailor as you'll find,
Joseph's a Lord and Taylor man combined."

St. John's demanded to be heard,
To give his favorite child a word:
"There's my boy Bingham, a minister's son,
When Graft saw him, it started to run;

By the Nine Gods of War he swore;
An angel chalked up nine credits or more.

"As a boy he lived here on Church Hill,
Where boys once fought (perhaps too still);
Willing to take, strong to deliver blows,
The Mayor of Gotham is one who knows."

"In busiest Broadway a sign like this is seen:
J. P. Morgan, Banker to William Levee."



SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT, GOODWIN PARK.

This from Old South made Old North's tongue go faster,
As if a losing thought it fain would master:

"Levee, Levee, I've seen that name, but where?"
"Out of your window, forty years ago, on Market Square."

"Yes, I remember now, a spot quite busy;
But, tell me, what's become of Lizzy?"

"Hunting grafters in Queen's? That's Greek to me,
But he'll find 'em, if he's the boy he used to be."

The Baptist bell in solemn ding dong style
Asked leave to ring alone a little while.

"I see Moses Yeaton is with us today,
Do you know I have heard people say
He runs a shooting gallery down at Coney,
And that's the way he makes his money."

"What! teaching school on the island, you say,
Building manhood in a practical way,
Teaching young ideas to shoot?—
That's how they fooled me. I feel better now!"

Such gossip started, all the bells broke out in rhyme,
And had a perfect sewing circle of a time:

"Here's an old boy, we all know him well,
Listening in vain for the lost Temple bell:
To him it was the sweetest of the age
When Dolly Bidwell graced the Portsmouth stage."

"To Captain Tom his childhood scenes are dear,
So today he suffered a shock;
When no one was near he shed a silent tear
O'er the grave of old Puddle Dock."

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Consider the feelings of Perry I. Lowd:
Though he wades through mire gone in
In Tiffany's store,
He'd rather be wading along our sea-shore."

"The Pfeiffers come from every where—
New York has one it cannot spare;
Arthur is Knickerbocker's adopted heir,
His everlasting address—Union Square."

"Once for the New York Sun he wrote
Playing on words as on a melodeon;
But now there is a missing note—
The virtue touch of Henry Odton."

"And there is one of modest mien,
Few know his very well;
Some day by Fame we hope he'll be
Dragged shrieking from his shell."

"Wren next our New York boys come home
(If Albert Wood can help them some)
They'll all fly back by aeroplane
Which does not smell nor drag a chain!"

"Fred Clarke, they say, is a legal sharp,
With a firm name fifteen feet long,
When a client calls to pay his bill
He's sorry his case was made so strong."

"Now," rings out a clear school bell,
"I know why most verse is doggerel,
If the rhyme fails and reason fails,
It still is filled with many a tale."

Chorus of Bells:—
"Somebody just asked for the Universalist bell,
In flames and smoke it rang its own sweet knell.
They say church bells are going out of style,
But don't fear, children, we'll stay a while."

"Then, here's to the boys who are with us today,
And the boys we can never recall;
Here's to the boys who are winning their fight,
And the boys who lost, but played the game right."

And here's to the girls—best of all!—"Time's up, but what's all that racket?"
The boys are cheering for Wallace Hackett."

"Well, then, we guess to stay at home is best,
If one son gets applause from all the rest.
Now, all together, boys, as Memory fondly turns
To the immortal words of Robert Burns:

Music:
"Should auld acquaintances be forgot
And never brought in mind,
Should auld acquaintances be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne."

CONCERNING SOME OF THE OLD BOYS
By James Shaw

I stand upon the old parade,
Where so much history has been made;
That's seen so much of Portsmouth life,
Has welcomed peace and witnessed strife.

The people come, the people go,
As there I watch the passing show;
And pictures from the distant past
Are on the mental vision cast.

The building stands across the way,
Where once I tolled the live-long day,
The Millers, Frank, and Dick, and Jack,
How memory brings their faces

Tell me of Sanborn, gallant youth,
Straight and square, clean as a hound's tooth;
And of the Honorable Calvin Page,
I'm told he's now a right wise sage;
And Dodge, who's suffered torture's crown,
Yet borne the cross as 'twere a crown.

And Marshal Tom, Hazlett, Pender—
Of these, and more, account please render.
And let me ask, James Henry Dow,
Do the boys come out on Pope night now?
In our time, you know, 'twas the night
The boys were out for fun and fight.

The boys were out for fun and fight,
South End came up to lick the North;
From Puddle Dock they sallied forth
To measure strength and trouble seek
With the boys who lived around the Creek.
And do you mind the time in Fifty-five,
When the Dockers came up to eat us alive,
And Joseph Gordon, like knight of old,
With his good arm, laid 'em out cold?

Let me tell the tale of little Joe,
'Twill help to make these jingles go,
Joe wasn't built on the Yankee plan,
More like a stocky Englishman.
He was not big, that is, not tall,
'Bout five feet five, I think, that's all.
Chest measure sixty inches, more or less;
That seems large, it's just my guess.
His blood was mostly red corpuscle,

Ask of the winds that nightly sweep
O'er Puddle Dock, so narrow and deep.

But, Jim, of course you're busy now,
('Twas ever thus with J. H. Dow.)
I'll see you later while I'm here,
We'll do some stunts to boyhood dear.

Out to the Plains a week we'll take,
'Round Christian Shore, for old time's sake;
We'll picnic on the beach at Rye;
Down river we'll have a cannon fry;
About the point with name profane
We'll pull a boat—ne'er mind the strain;

Beyond the far horizon's rim,
With spreading sheet, we'll sail, O, Jim,
Perhaps, a-sailing o'er life's main,
We'll see our ship come in again,
Just as we did in days bygone,
Now seen through memory's eyes alone.

On Market Square I keep my stand,
With Portsmouth life on every hand.
The people come, the people go,
As there I watch the passing show.

But who comes here, so trim and neat,
Walking along old Congress street?
With air just like a man of law,
He says, "Isn't this my old friend Shaw?"

"That's my name; and yours, I'll trouble you?"
"Why, it's Hackett—don't you know?"
—Frank W.

I look again at that clean phiz;
By the Lord Harry, so it is!
Why, Frank, boy, shake, and shake once more,
And let me look you o'er and o'er.
Great Caesar's ghost, it's good to see
A boy I knew in Fifty-three!

Why, Frank and I attended school
In the old brick, under Senter's rule,
And under Kimball, up above,
Masters we both revered and love.
Frank as a boy was mighty bright,
In every study he took delight;
In Latin he was specially fine
There all the fellows he'd outshine.
Amo, amas, and hic haec, hoc,
He had it straight as any clock.
When war came, the navy claimed him;
To a high post old Abe named him.
He then lived life along with the Jackies,
Different from shore life as white from black is.

He soon got next to sailor's lingo;
He darned his topknots, and swore by jingo.
"Silver my timbers," he'd frequently say,
And he stood his trick at the wheel each day.
Yet when a fight had once begun,
Frank was the man behind the gun.

But I must close this balking rhyme,
For I would keep within my time.
My heart goes out to this mother town
Of ancient fame, of high renown;
To gleaming river, deep and free,
Flowing ever to restless sea;
To harbor, gemmed with sunny isles;
Each giving back old nature's smiles;
To hill, and dale, and shaded street,
That once I trod with boyhood's feet.

I pledge the folk who stayed at home,
Who from the roof-tree ne'er did roam;
Who here have built altars bright,
And the sacred fires kept burning;
Who in the window placed a light
For the children home returning;
Who came with outstretched hands to greet
Those children with the wandering feet;

Who here have bravely fought the fight,
And here kept faith, both day and night.

And three times three, and three times more,
I pledge the friends I knew of yore,
When parting comes, as it must come,
And we returners leave for home.
I'll say, with hand-clasp warm and strong,
"Good-by, dear boys, take care yourselves, so long!"

505 West 7th Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.
June 10, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Stoddard:—

His flesh the hardest kind of muscle;
And when it came to good hard knocks,
He had an arm could feel an ox.
With back to the fence, and face to the foe,
A dangerous man was little Joe.

On that night, in Fifty-five,
The Dockers thought they'd sure arrive.
They proudly marched up Islington street,
Their horns they blew, their drums they beat.
They loudly bragged what they would do
If the Creek boys stared to see it through.

A few Crocks, leaned against the fence,
Calmly waiting the course of events.
The Dockers reached the ring line;
Then something happened—'twas really fine:
Cut sprang Joe, with mighty blow
He laid the Dockers' leader low;
Before they recovered from their surprise,
He banged another between the eyes;
Then he let out a yell heard miles away,
And the Dockers' bold—O, where were they?

back!
And Uncle Toby, good old man,
Made on God's most perfect plan.
And Thompson, gentlest of all gentlemen,
We ne'er shall see his like again.
Gardner, Mitchell, Marston, little Bob,
I call their names with quickening throbs.
All these old friends, and many more,
Long since passed to the farther shore.

But here's a well-known face, I vow,
None other than James Henry Dow.
And say, it's mighty good to see
A boy I knew in Fifty-three.
My heart with joy just bubbles o'er
To see this school-boy friend once more.

And such a boy was my friend Jim,
You'll scarce find one to equal him.
A strong and supple, a young athlete,
A fiercer boy you'd rarely meet.
And he loved nature's every whim—
That's always Dow, that's my friend Jim.

And, Jim, of all the boys, what news?
Tell what you can or what you choose.

How mighty were the ships she wrought,
On grand Piscataqua bank;
That sailed the broad blue oceans o'er
And brought her wealth and rank.

From foreign lands afar they brought
Rich woods and spices rare;
And from the wood great marvels wrought,
With which no other could compare.

But richer far the products raised
In this old town of easy ways,
Were the boys and girls of greater fame
Who added honour to her name.

In literature and art they stand
Well known and loved through the land.
In the professions too, one finds
Her brainy men, with minds refined.

To these true sons born to Thee,
"Beautiful City by the Sea,"
Thou hast a kindly invitation sent,
Throughout the land with good intent.

Home come ye wanderers from afar
And grip our cordial hands once more.
Give us those genial smiles of yours,
As once you went in days of yore.

Especially now comes quick to me
The first of these in Fifty-three;
Samuel Hawkes engineer of the train,
Shut off steam at Frenchman's lane.

With waving flags and loud acclaim
The City Fathers now proclaim:
A hearty welcome to you all,
Then into serried rank we fall.

And proudly march by City Hall,
Adown the Court house then we went,
To mammoth tents with tables spread
Where boys and girls were amply fed.

After the spread had well been tested,
And old acquaintances renewed,
There came a deep short silence,
We knew the speeches would be good.

What eloquence then was caused to flow
From lips now closed, long, long ago,
Of those who held our close attention,
Starr King, with pride we mention.

Charles Levi Woodbury, always game
With patriotic speech aflame,
Proclaimed a short oration,
Which gained applause and admiration.

Others too, we heard with pleasure,
While rounds of cheers with music
Song and story blended,
The hours seemed but minutes.
So rapidly passed the time away.

How the thoughts of youth still linger
On the scenes of earlier days,
When the brain was brim with vigor
As we trod young manhood's ways.

What vivid scenes pass in review
In living pictures well defined,
Taken by Nature's camera
The Soul—the immortal mind.

How sweet to us their memories:
Ah, yes! we nurse them still with pride,
As we float down life's great ocean,
On the ebbing of the tide.

Waited high above the mountains
And far reaching o'er the plains,
Hearts afar will hear your greetings,
And join with you in glad refrain—

Here, the Boys and Girls are coming—
Yes, they are coming home again.

Then fill the flagon to the brim
And let the merry laugh go round;
For time is precious, time is fleeting,
Let no laggard here be found.

God bless our dear old native town,
"Our City by the Sea,"
Where'er we are, on sea or land
We'll keep her memory green.

SAMUEL P. HAM,
Los Angeles, California

(Continued on page four.)

THE COMPANY WITH THE PYRAMID
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placed at random, is productive of much annoyance and little satisfaction. Send it to the

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STEAM LAUNDRY
61 State St.
It will not be damaged. It will be delivered promptly and will all be there.
Telephone 187-4.

W. G. WIGGIN, - PROP.

CEMETERY LOT
Cared For and Furnish;
Done

With thousands of plots the cemetery is prepared to take charge of and so that each one in any of the cemetery may be attended to in the most efficient manner. It is a given fact that the burial of the dead is a solemn duty and one that should be attended to with the greatest care. In addition to the cemetery we have a large and well equipped funeral home and a large and well equipped undertaking establishment.

I received the invitation extended to the absent sons and daughters by the Citizens of Portsmouth, to be present at the Home Coming, July Fourth; but in this case distance does not lend enchantment to the view.

I would much prefer a closer look at the old town, and her most worthy citizens on that jolly occasion; but the great distance intervening I fear will make it impossible for me to go so far east this summer.

I take the liberty therefore to send you a few doggerel lines, which should they meet the approval of the Committee I would be glad to have them used on that occasion.

Here is hoping the weather will be fine, and that you all may meet your most ardent expectations.

Sincerely yours,
SAM'L F. HAM.

Our lot was cast in Portsmouth,
That grand old ancient town,
Whose many vast transactions
Have brought her great renown.

How mighty were the ships she wrought,
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THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

Established Sept. 2, 1884.

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TELEPHONES

Editorial..... 28 Business..... 37

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For PORTSMOUTH and PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS

1910	JULY	1910
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.
3	4	5
10	11	12
17	18	19
24	25	26
31	28	29
	30	

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1910.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, sons and daughters of Portsmouth, who have been with us. You looked good to us and we hope that we and the dear old city looked good to you.

You are a credit to the city from whence you went, and whither you have returned for a day. It must have made those Bostonians, and even those New Yorkers, who saw you starting for Portsmouth, take notice and think what a fine lot of people you are, and what a good town you must have come from. The summer visitors and other strangers within our gates have continually remarked on this during your all too brief stay among us.

Good-bye. We hope you have had a good time and we know that your visit has been a time of pleasure to us.

Good-bye. Come again, and we will try to arrange that you shall not stay away so long.

To some of you who came here, and to some of us who welcomed you, it is good-bye forever. We are all glad to have met you just the same, and that you have again seen us and the city and that we have seen you, face to face.

Goodbye, friends, and God be with you till we meet again.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS

An estimate that the total number of immigrant aliens admitted at all ports of the United States during the past fiscal year reached 1,035,545, is made by Commissioner General Keefe. This is an increase of 233,759 over the number of immigrant aliens admitted in the last previous year.

Bangor and Portland both had the pleasure of seeing naval vessels in their harbors over the holiday.

Announcement from Liverpool that the Cunard line is to build two 60,000-ton liners, each 1,000 feet long, possibly to burn oil, and that the Mersey Dock and Harbor Board is to construct a huge dock capable of holding them, has given rise to the question: "Where would they be accommodated in New York?"

The New York World is the paper that asks the question and we will answer it by saying that they need not go to New York. They draw only 32 feet of water, which is deep for New York, but Portsmouth harbor could accommodate vessels of twice the draft.

NEW AUTOMOBILES

Licenses Taken Out By Owners in This Vicinity

Among the automobile licenses issued at Concord last week are the following: Portsmouth—1127 Ernest Holmes, 12 h. p.; 3363, Frederick J. Rider, 70 h. p.; 1332, William H. Virden, 30 h. p.; 2883, Bert Wood, 50 h. p.; Greenland—4287, John K. Hatch, 10 h. p.; New Castle—1401, William B. Mayo, 40 h. p.; North Hampton—223, George A. Rachelder, 30 h. p.; 1209, Eugene Edicott, 30 h. p.; Rye—1450, Willis Farrington, 45 h. p.; 1086, Willis Farrington, 22 h. p.; 2008, Henry C. Harrat, 3 1/2 h. p.; Stratham—2401, Leslie A. Cook, 12 h. p.

A GREAT PAPER TODAY

The Herald is today obliged to crowd out a page of live news of the day and of the great return of the sons and daughters of Portsmouth. This will appear in the Herald tomorrow and you will want a copy.

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS RETURN

(Continued from page three.)

RETURN OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PORTSMOUTH

Written by Mrs. Izette Shaw Holmes, of Greenland, a daughter of Portsmouth, present at the celebration in 1873, the poem published in the Portsmouth Journal.

I hear—the chilling winds and snows Sweep o'er the hills and plain, Sweet tones like birdlings deep and low, Or pattering drops of rain— A message with intent to cheer, And fraught with love profound, So very pleasing to the ear, Resistless in its sound.

What other city, town or state, Did invitation such extend Without reserve, to small and great To sisters, brothers and to friends? To clasp the eager, trembling hand, And feel the warm impassioned kiss— How great the joy, how wise and grand, How sweet a welcome such as this!

For friendship true is sweeter far Than all the breath of spring, Than flowers that to the summer air, Their dewy fragrance bring, May charity, that rich bequest, Affection, sympathy, Be ever nurtured and possessed— Companions best to me.

May blessings crown thee, Portsmouth dear! For well deserved praise Is due from daughters far and near In Poets' tender lays, The deeds of love that thou hast done While heeding Penury's call, Be told our daughters and our sons, Thy kindest thoughts for all.

We had that bright, prospective hour That calls our thought away, To independence, Freedom, Power, And own their rightful way, Sisters and brothers, kindred near, With Flora's bright array, In glad fruition will reverse Our country's natal day.

Ring out ye bells of every name, In cheerful tones without alloy, While guns outpour from throats of flame, And stars and stripes proclaim the joy, They'll come, in every shape and style, From lowly cot, from lordly hall, On foot with teams, in rank and file, Bleeding together, one and all.

From every nook and shaded lane, From hillside and the valley low, From flowery fields and lonely plains, Where friendship calls they sure will go, I see them coming from afar, With railway speed from western lands, Some from the East by sea or car, Will come to join this noble band.

From Northern climes, from Southern shores, Will they not come with willing feet, To press the sod once pressed before Of that dear home of love so sweet O'er which our mother will preside, With all that grace that erst the bore?

While numbers countless at her side, Will bless her memory more and more, And those dear ones of friendship's band Who sleep that long unbroken sleep, Will they not from the seraph land Their watchful vigils o'er us keep, Till we shall cross the singing tide And reach that unknown, golden shore?

Where separation never divides, And death is known no more, God bless all those who'll not return, So weak the pulse and dim the sight, Yet in whose heart rich altars burn With love divine, that inner light, That lures our pathway as we near Sweet mother of our every care, And gives us joy when we are shown Our birthplace—in a home of pray-er.

OLD HOME WEEK

Welcome home, ye sons and daughters Back again to hills so green, Where in happy days of childhood, Night but pleasure, you have seen.

Back again among the loved ones, Where you've spent such happy hours, Where the birds sing in the morning, Where you gather fragrant flowers.

I've been in a foreign country, Far away across the sea, But I'm anxiously awaiting For the fourth to be with thee.

Then come back, ye sons and daughters, Welcome home, ye sons and daughters

MAE I. NOLAN.
Mausfield, June 7th, 1910.
Mr. E. Percy Stoddard, Secretary.
My Dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend the Fourth Home Coming of the Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth received.
I should be pleased to again visit some of the old places dear to my boyhood, and hope once more to stand on Christian Shore and under the old Creek Bridge and see Puddle Dock and go down to the Spring Market and look upon the beautiful river, and in imagination to devour one of those large lobsters which we could

in olden times purchase for a penny or two.
I do not know my dear sir, but I would enjoy a scrap again on Pope night, between the North and South Enders, anyhow, I anticipate a day whose memories shall last until time shall be no more.
I remember as a boy the home coming of 1873, and attended the reunion of 1873-1883, and intend to visit Portsmouth on the occasion of the Home Coming of 1910.
Respectfully,
ANDREW MORAN,
Gen. Foreman N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Mansfield, Mass.

50 Westminster Road, Rochester, N. Y., June 10th, 1910.
To the Committee on Invitations, Fourth Home Coming of the Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Gentlemen:—I thank you most heartily for your kind invitation to attend the next Reunion of old Portsmouth's Sons and Daughters on July 10th.
It would give me very great pleasure to come on that occasion, but I am unable to do so for the reason that I have been appointed a delegate to the International Railway Congress and must sail for Europe next week to attend the sessions of that body during July at Bern.

I well remember the first Reunion in 1873, although I was a small boy at the time, and I wish I might take part in the one to come.
Regretfully yours,
WILLIAM EDWIN HOYT.

Boston, June 9th, 1910.
E. Percy Stoddard, Esq., Secretary, Portsmouth, N. H.

Dear Sir:—I have received the invitation to the Fourth Home Gathering of the Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth, and have accepted the same. My father, the late N. P. Mann, was a native of Portsmouth, and attended the first Home Gathering in 1853. My mother was also a native of Portsmouth, and both families stretch back some generations, residents of the good old city. As a young man my father came to Boston and made his mark and a fortune. All of us children were born in Boston.

Mr. Lewis Brewster's father and my father were old friends and I think schoolmates. The Sherburnes of the Plains were my maternal grandmother's people. I have a brother, older, 31 years of age, still living, who is smart and active, and would probably go to the Reunion if invited. His name, after my father, is Nehemiah P. Mann, and his address, corner Dana and Harvard streets, Cambridge.

Trusting the occasion may prove a happy one.
I remain yours truly,
ALBERT W. MANN.
Bath, Steuben County, N. Y.
June 27, 1910.

E. Percy Stoddard, Secretary.
My dear sir:—It is with exceeding pleasure I acknowledge your card of invitation to attend another Home Coming of the Sons and Daughters of the Old Town by the Sea. I had in mind one more pilgrimage this summer, to my boyhood home, and now shall try to so arrange my duties here, so as to be able to be with you on the happy occasion.

Maybe I might meet some one of the wanderers from their native land to whom it would be a mutual pleasure to recall the recollections of your youth, possibly there will be, as in former reunions some concerted action by the Portsmouth colony resident in New York city. If you have any information on this point would you kindly advise so I could place myself in communication with them.

I was an active participant in the first Return 1853, in fact under the able leadership of our Tom (Alfred) we thought ourselves the whole thing in the reception. We were the real cent of the party. Story of a Bad Boy! A month later I left the train from Portland came in sight of

old town to climb the ladder of success and my wandering footsteps have carried me back but twice to my dear old boyhood home.
Thanking you again for this pleasurable information,
Very sincerely yours,
SAM'L H. SCOTT,
Hospital Steward N. Y. S. S. & S. H. Bath, N. Y.

Remarks of Frank Warren Hackett
The last thing in the world, I imagine, that ever could have been left to a boy to determine is the place where he should be born. Yet, I venture to assert, that you won't find a man grown, who is a native of Portsmouth, that he hasn't been going around bragging of the fact, as though it entitled him to boundless credit. Well, we won't blame him. It was Dr. William Butler, of Cambridge, England, an odd genius, who more than two centuries ago gave utterance to that much quoted saying about strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." So I say, God might have made a more enchanting bit of land and water than this region of the lower Piscataqua, but doubtless He never did. One naturally cherishes tender associations for the scenes of one's childhood, but we, whose fortune it was to pass our early days in Portsmouth are never freed from the magic spell of the divine beauty that Nature has lavished here.

Ten minutes have been assigned me within which to tell you all about the boys of Portsmouth when I was one of that fraternity. I am reminded of an experience on the railroad between New York and Boston, many years ago. Before approaching New Haven, a chunky colored man bustled through the train leaving a handbill for the passenger. It began, "This train stops seven minutes at New Haven." It then praised the restaurant, winding up with a line in large type at the bottom, "A great deal can be done in seven minutes."

I am going to relate a few things, only a few, about the Portsmouth boys, of we will say, 1848 or '49. A lively little shaver he was, in a jacket with a white collar fastened on by pins; and in winter he wore a glorious pair of boots. His hands looked as though some time had elapsed since they had been in the wash basin. They could double up into fists, however, that would befriended another boy, or fight him, as occasion might demand. This youngster was going to school, but he looked upon Wednesday and Saturday afternoons as the only important part of the week. The year stretched out interminably. He devoted six months of it to getting ready for the Fourth of July, and other six to getting over it.

At that period Portsmouth stood as a world by itself. The railroad had not long been in operation, and many an old character there was about town of whom we boys took due notice. I will mention only Old Portuguese and Joe Randall, White Robinson, Daddy Frost, Wilbur Penhalow, Robert Traip, Job Wentworth, "Hail's Express," Governor Dorr and Jake Dennett. We had plenty to do, looking after these eccentric characters, as well as attending to the rest of the population. I verily believe that there was nothing going on in the compact part of the town, or for the matter of that, in the outskirts, that we boys wouldn't have superintended, let us only have gotten the chance.

All boys were divided into North-enders and South-enders. My lot was cast in with the former. I didn't care much about venturing down into the unknown regions of the South End. A large part of my playing was done in the neighborhood of the depot, an old smoky, wooden building. By the way, they used to station a man up under the roof of this structure, where the window looked East. He kept his eye fixed on a pole over in Kittery. When the train from Portland came in sight of

the Kittery depot, a large black ball dropped from the top of that pole. Upon the sight of the signal, the man rang the bell, so that the whole town was warned that a train would shortly be in, ready for Boston. We boys used to bestow a good deal of unappreciated attention upon the business of having those trains come in and go out as they should. Engines bore names, and we had our favorites. I remember the "Witch," was the one I liked best.

There were plenty of boys around there with whom to play—Fien Walker, George Rogers, Mose Stickney, (killed in the war), Jim and Bill Morrison, Fred Trent, Alf Rugg, and a lot more. Then there was a Bridge street contingent I used to play with, who were on hand for no end of fun. It is years since I have thought of Tom Grover, or the Seavey boys, or Woody Beal. Way back in my earliest recollection there was red haired Joe Cossar, one of the best fellows in the world. In more than sixty years I am not sure that I have heard even his name mentioned.

Now that I am in the mood let me add that I can easily summon up in memory the slim figure of a certain little chap who applied himself with assiduous care to note all the local happenings of that day. He was allowed to sit up late enough on a memorable night to see that the rockets were let off in proper style from the top of the factory chimney, to celebrate its completion. He sported in a tremendously high wind, one afternoon, just after school in the Temple (it stood on this very spot) had let out, and the next morning he went out to see where the great roof of the factory was lying in the street in front. This was in 1847. The same active juvenile was on hand to welcome a president of the United States, as he was escorted up Congress street by a procession, with bands of music. In an open barouche, standing and bowing right and left, was James K. Polk, an dthe boys all took a respectful look at him.

One function I specially recall where every one of us could be depended upon to be present, and that is, the trial of fire-engines on the Parade, on the first Monday evening of each summer month. There was famous squirting done on those occasions. The effort was to send a stream over the top of the North church vane. A crowd of people stood on the sidewalk to witness the struggle between the different companies. The girls were there too, the prettiest girls in the world. Each boy had his favorite fire-engine. Mine was Number six. I remember the old franklin double-decker, and her being placed to the loveliest new machine decorated in pale green and gold, called the Atlantic.

Every mother's son of us turned out at a fire, where we were mostly in the way. I must admit, however, that when a fire unfortunately occurred at night, my engagements were such that I couldn't be there to attend to putting it out.

As I have already intimated, the culminating point of a boy's energy and the absorbing subject of his hopes and aspirations, was the appropriate and patriotic celebration of the Fourth of July. I don't think that we troubled ourselves much about the principles of the Declaration. It was enough for us that we could make all the noise on that one day that we wanted to. For myself, parental solicitude used to keep me indoors as late as five o'clock in the morning; but what a grand thing it was to wake up at midnight by the roar of guns and cannon on the Parade, and to know that a big bonfire was lighting up the town in a blaze of glory! How tremendous and how continuous were the efforts of the big boys, out there all night, engaged in the grand enterprise of ushering in that day of all days. We smaller fry possessed a slender stock of fire crackers, which, with sustained husbandry, was made to last us clear into the night, following a day of revelry and lemonade. My! How I liked to scramble out and walk down to the Parade in the very early morning, and witness the remnant of that patriotic gang still blazing away with gun and powder-burn. Then, ex-memorized booths stood on the sidewalks for the sale of refreshment. The bells would ring, and things generally for a delicious while were top-sy turvy; and the boys were just as happy even to talk about it. The fireworks in the evening too, were pretty good, in spite of a fellow's proving a bit sleepy during the long, dark waits.

Happy days! All of us boys were a set of democrats,—one fellow just as good as another, provided he played fair; and all were sure as could be that the great world was coming some day going out into world prove to be only another place where we should, every one of us, have a jolly, good time.

Let me in closing turn your thoughts in another direction. History aims to preserve a record of the past; yet, save for a few deeds, and those the most momentous, her records sooner or later shall fade away and be lost. Not so it with the message that the poet brings, whether it be uttered in lofty strain, or in that simple form which reaches the heart.

He who cares may glean a few facts relating to the Return of the Sons, in 1853, from a pamphlet that has now come to be very scarce. Twenty years later, in 1873, one feature of the exercises, under a great tent on Wilbur's Hill, was the delivery of a poem. It was read by that distinguished son of Portsmouth, who has given happy hours to so many of his countrymen, and whom we rejoice to have with us today—the incommensurable Barnabee. The beauty and the pathos of the lines with which on that occasion the poet greeted Sons and Daughters brought a tear to the eye of every one present. When the reading had ceased a storm of applause failed to make the author rise and bow his acknowledgments,—so modest was Albert

Laighton.
This is the fairy realm of childhood's time; Youth's best Arcadian clime,

(Continued on page 7.)



THEODORE ROOSEVELT says: "Every person who invests in well selected real estate in a growing section of a prosperous community adopts the safest and surest method of becoming independent; for real estate is the basis of wealth."

The debentured corporation of New York is offering just such an opportunity with their 6 per cent. guaranteed profit sharing bonds based on actual ownership of New York real estate, which is the best security obtainable.

For further information apply to

FRED GARDNER,
Portsmouth, N. H.
Sales Manager for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE!

Electric Sign advertising is no longer an experiment. The most successful firms of world-wide reputation as well as the stores with whom we have done business give us facts that prove the advertising worth of Electric Signs to be far in excess of any method of advertising that has ever been devised for the amount expended.

Look for the most enterprising city of today and you will find one that uses Electric Signs on all available locations and where merchants appreciate the advertising value and use light. I am making and selling the best signs that can be produced, not the cheapest, cut signs that will stand up and give service for years. Recent inventions have reduced the cost and also the cost of maintaining. Public spirit and civic pride demand well lighted business sections in our cities, why not do your part with a well lighted, artistic Electric Sign and increase your business as well.

I charge nothing for estimates or sketches and am always willing to explain details and serve your interests. Respectfully yours,

L. R. PAIGE,
681 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

AUCTION OF Real Estate

The Property Known as 18 GATES ST., Will be sold at Public Auction on the Premises, on

Thursday, July 7th, 1910 AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

Property consists of a good Ten Room House with closet and plumbing, and has a Good Lot of Land. Would make an excellent investment.

Terms: \$100 down, balance on delivery of deed.

W. E. MARVIN, Trustee under will of Elvira Haven Ham.

BUTLER & MARSHALL, Auctioneers, 3 Market Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Isles of Shoals Steamer

Wharf Foot of Daniel Street

Time Table Commencing July 1, 1910

Subject to Change Without Further Notice.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLES OF SHOALS HOTEL APPLEDORE

The Steamship and Finely Equipped Steamer

MUNNATAWKET

LEAVES PORTSMOUTH, wharf foot of Daniel Street, for ISLES OF SHOALS, at 8.30 and 11.30 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAY—At 10.45 a. m. and 5.00 p. m.

Returning LEAVES APPLEDORE HOTEL, ISLES OF SHOALS, for PORTSMOUTH, at 8.00 and 9.15 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAY—At 8.45 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.

Round Trip, good on day of issue only, 50c. Fare one way 50 cents.

For rates and further information inquire of H. W. ALKINS, Manager.

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10 Reliable Fire Companies

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WRITE OR PHONE ME AND WILL CALL UPON YOU.

E. P. STODDARD,

Over Grace's Drug Store,

16 Market Street. Telephone 627.

OUT ON THE COOL OCEAN

Round Trip Tickets Sold By B. & M. R. R.

The Appledore

ISLES OF SHOALS, N. H.

Special Rates for Former Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth.

Don't Fail to See Celia Thaxter's Home before you leave.

The Steamer Munnatawket leaves from foot of Daniel Street,

HENRY W. MORSE, MANAGER.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Ease your mind at once and see that your furniture and dwellings are insured against fire—4th of July is sure to cause fires.

OUR RATES ARE VERY LOW.

C. E. TRAFTON,

49 Congress St.

WE HAVE THE BEST ALES, WINES AND LIQUORS

The only Place to purchase Birro China, Bislari Favorite Bitters for Medical Use, Olive Oil Unexcelled.

Prompt attention given family trade

JOSEPH SAGGO,

110 Market Street.

PACIFIC COAST

AND RETURN, via CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REDUCED FARES FOR SUMMER TOURS

with special rates on certain dates in July, Aug. and September. Excellent trains, magnificent scenery, A great variety of routes. Write for full details.

F. R. PERRY, Dist. Pass. Agt., CAN. PAC. RY. 362 Washington St., Boston

Soak the clothes over-night.

It loosens the dirt and makes the work of washing very much easier.

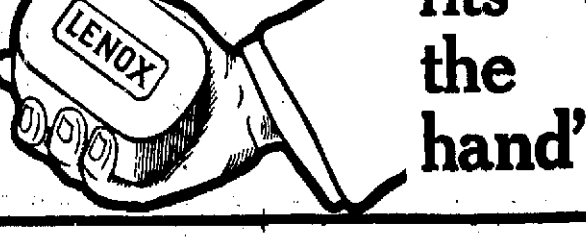
Use three tubs, one for table linen, one for bed and body linen, one for the soiled towels and cloths.

Wet the clothes, rub Lenox Soap Solution over the soiled parts, fold and roll each piece by itself, pack in a tub, cover with warm soapy water and let stand over-night.

TO MAKE LENOX SOAP SOLUTION:—Take a cake of Lenox Soap, cut it into small pieces, dissolve these in three quarts of boiling water. Keep water at boiling point until a solution is formed.

Lenox Soap Solution does better work than soap; and is more economical, because there is no waste.

Lenox Soap—"Just fits the hand"



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Corner Market and Ladd Sts.,
ENTRANCE ON LADD ST.

DECORATING --- FOR --- OLD HOME WEEK Stores, Residences, Floats.

We have a corps of experienced decorators ready to do your work at short notice and in the best manner.

Leave Your Orders Early
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Prices Right

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Excelsior Auto-Cycle and R. S. Motorcycles

Belt drive on Excelsior. Chain or belt on R. S.

Don't delay your order as factories are running to the limit
Agency at

C. A. LOWD

Vulcanizing Station

50 1-2 Pleasant

New Deaprture for Portsmouth
First Class Work at Right Prices

General Machine Work Marine Railway

We make a specialty of Auto and Marine Motors
Supplies of all kinds at Boston Prices

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UNION WHARF Portsmouth

It's the Delivery That Makes the Coal Dealer Like
the Baseball Pitcher.

We have a good delivery system that not only gives you the Coal at the right time but gives you the services of first-class workmen of whom we are not ashamed.

GRAY & PRIME,

TELEPHONE 23

111 MARKET STREET

KITTERY LETTER

Kittery, Me., July 5.
Kittery correspondent's telephone 295-5.

The home of Sewell E. Adderton on Government street was three-quarters destroyed on Monday evening, by a fire which started on the inside. Mr. Adderton, who is captain of a brick barge, and lived alone, was at the river, ready to start for Boston, when the fire was discovered. Part of his household goods were saved. The house was owned by Harry Remick.

Kittery defeated the nine of the U. S. S. Marietta, 6 to 4, in a hard fought game on the Kittery diamond Saturday afternoon. Able and Fernald led at the bat and Mangan and Leber carried off the honors for the bluejackets.

Midshipman Calvin Cobb, a first classman at the naval academy, spent a few days with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hayes, while on his way to Wakefield where the rifle practicing will be held. Cobb made the rifle team in June.

Mrs. George Hill and daughter Lilian of Hampstead, formerly of this town, passed Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Henry Shaw of Central street. They will also visit York before returning.

Mrs. Philip Webber has returned from a week's visit to Portland and Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker, who are passing a portion of the summer at their former home in York, were in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stimson and children of Portland were the holiday guests of Melvin O. Stimson of Love lane.

Midshipman Calvin Hayes Cobb is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Burke and son of Portsmouth were the guests on Sunday of Melvin O. Stimson.

Albert Maby of New York, formerly of Honolulu, T. H., is in town, to pass the summer with his brother, Fred Maby and family of Love lane.

The new house of Mrs. Austin Basley is fast nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sherburne of North Berwick were the holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Sherburne of Love lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fernald of Worcester are at their summer home at North Kittery.

Miss Merrill of Portland is the guest of Prof. and Mrs. G. H. D. L'Amoureux.

Mrs. Alfred Hayes and son of Lynn is the guest of George Hayes of Woodlawn avenue.

Miss Mary Hanson of North Hampton was in town on Monday, passing the day with her cousins, the Misses Nettle and Annie Hanson.

Kittery Point
Kittery Point correspondent's telephone 295-5.

John W. S. Hodgdon, conductor on the Atlantic Shore car line was hurt quite severely on the York trip Saturday night. Somehow his arm bit a car loaded with lumber which resulted in him breaking a muscle.

Lizzie Prael of Hotel Parkfield sprained her ankle Saturday night while in Portsmouth. Dr. Carly was called.

Mr. Augustus Tobey died Sunday morning after a long illness, aged 82. The funeral will be held from his late home Wednesday. He is survived by a wife and son, Mr. William Tobey.

Certainly, many people were surprised after believing a marriage was to take place the last of this week to find that it had already occurred and the happy couple had guarded their secret for ten days. The guilty ones were Miss Corn Seaward, daughter of Mr. Daniel O. Seaward, and Mr. Leo Williams of Nebraska, Rev. Alfred Gooding performing the ceremony Friday evening, June 24. Miss Seaward was always a very popular young woman here, and her many friends wish both her and the lucky man years and years of happiness. They leave Friday for Nebraska where they will reside in the future.

JOHNSON KNOCKED OUT JEFFRIES

Jack Johnson is the undisputed champion heavyweight fighter of the world, for he earned the title at Reno yesterday afternoon when he knocked out Jeffries, the idol of the fight fans in fifteen rounds. Unable to come back to conditions to stand the hard fighting, is the story in a nutshell, for after the fifth round it was apparent that it was Johnson's fight unless Jeffries could break down the defence of the negro and let in one of his old time wallopers. He could not do it, and as the fight wore on Johnson landed at will and gradually wore Jeffries down until the fifteenth round when Johnson using a straight left, put Jeffries down twice for the count and the third time he went down he was on his knees when the count was given and the negro was declared the champion of the world.

FOUND BULLET IN BRAIN

Autopsy Held on Peter Ozarek Today

Drs. Eastman and Walker held an autopsy on the body of Peter Ozarek the boy who was shot Monday night and located the 32 calibre bullet in the brain. The police and sheriffs, at work on the case, have discovered no new developments in the same.

AN HISTORIC FLAG

Amid the many flags used in the decorations was one displayed on Bow street. It was made by Mrs. John A. Bessell, who lived to the good old age of 97 years, and was a life long example of patriotism. This flag was notable in Philadelphia during the civil war, and it was the custom of Mrs. Bessell to salute every

regiment of soldiers who passed through the city on their way to the front, and to cheer the boys in blue. Mrs. Bessell wrote three sons to battle for the union, and was noted for her devotion to the stars and stripes.

DISTRICT NURSING ASSO.

That the Portsmouth District Nursing Association has the sympathy of the entire community is manifest each year by the readiness on the part of the citizens to contribute to its support. Whenever the demand has been made, there has been a quick and generous response on the part of individuals, societies and the public.

So substantial has been the nature of this response that the nurse has been enabled to act in the relief of suffering caused not only by disease, but also by poverty and need.

Only once during the life of the Association has a printed report been sent to the membership but once each year an opportunity is afforded to everyone interested to attend the annual meeting and hear a verbal account of the work accomplished. This year the meeting will be held at the city rooms on Wednesday evening, July sixth, at which time special emphasis will be laid upon the work done with children.

This feature of the work is more extensive than is generally understood and it is earnestly hoped that many of the citizens as well as the returned sons and daughters of our city may attend to learn of this phase of a work which partakes equally of the nature of city missionary and that of visiting nurse.

MAKE YOUR HOUSE BETTER

Make a clean sweep of the things that make work—the open flame lights that make the walls and curtains dirty, that give out poisonous gases and soot which lead to illness and doctor's bills. Make a clean sweep of the oil-lamp and the match-box. Have your house wired and know what convenient lighting is.

Make a clean sweep of the old fashioned carpet sweeper and broom—when your house is wired you can have the vacuum cleaner to make your house spotless as the palm of your hand.

Make a clean sweep of old fashioned methods of cooking. Electricity, sootless and matchless, is employed in a dozen different kitchen utensils and apparatus and is the scientific best for cooking.

Once your house is wired, you can make a clean sweep of almost all your present household duties and give them over to the charge of the wonderful force which is ready to serve you at the turn of your hand.

he it.

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PERSONALS.

Mr. Arthur Farrington of Boston is here for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kinter of Boston are the guests of relatives here, their former home.

Dr. and Mrs. Bragg of Cambridge, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Staples at the Country Club.

Miss Agnes Kelligher of Boston is the guest of Miss McDonough, on State street.

Harry Mortimer of Lynn, is here for the holidays, being his first visit here for five years.

Mr. Joseph Foster of New York, is here for the holidays and is the guest of his father, Rear Admiral Joseph Foster on Middle street.

Miss Josephine Gilson of Natick, formerly a teacher in this city, is the guest of Mrs. H. D. McDonough on State street.

Col. Albert Wood, City Editor of the New York World, arrived Sunday and is the guest of his brother, Charles J. Wood during the Old Home Celebration.

Mr. Jeremiah Noonan and sister Miss Joanna Noonan, of Dorchester Mass., arrived on Sunday to pass the holidays. Mr. Noonan and his sister are twins and he has not been home to this city for thirty-four years.

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HERE'S TO THE YOUNG MAN



May his search for Smart Clothes, Hats and Summer Goods lead him to select from our all-satisfying stock at the big store of

N. H. BEANE & CO.,
3 Congress St.

Sielges' Store, 31 Market St.
TELEPHONE 397. FREE ALTERATIONS.

Most Extraordinary Reduction
Sale of Ladies', Misses and Children's High-Class Tailored Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Waists and Trimmed Hats.

COST NOT CONSIDERED.

Every Garment in the Store must be sold at some price, no matter what the losses are, as we don't carry any stock over.

Siegel's Store, 31 Market St.
The Only Exclusive Cloak and Suit Store in the City.

FLAGS!

A. P. WENDELL & CO.,
2 Market Square.

National Hotel

European Plan

M. S. DADA, Proprietor.

Steam Heat Electric Bells, Electric Lights

CUISINE UNEXCELLED

FIRST-CLASS INNHOLDER'S LICENSE

CATERING FOR PARTIES

PASTRY COOKING OUR OWN

TRY A BROILED LIVE LOBSTER

HIGH STREET

Phone 68

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"WELCOME"

LEWIS E. STAPLES, 7 MARKET ST.

WHAT WE SAY IS SO

Atlantic Shore Line Ry.

Time Table

In Effect June 24, 1910.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

Portsmouth

Ferry leaves, connecting with cars for Elliot and Dover—6:55, 7:55, 8:55, 9:55, 10:25 a. m., and every half hour until 6:55 p. m. Then 7:55, 8:55, 9:55 and 10:55 p. m. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

*For Kennard's Corner only.
For South Berwick—6:55, 7:55 a. m., and every hour until 9:55 p. m. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6:55, 7:55 a. m., and every half hour until 10:55 p. m. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor, York Beach, Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk, Town House, Biddeford, Kennebunkport via P. K. & Y. Div.—6:55, 7:55, 8:25 a. m., and every half hour until 4:55 p. m. Then 5:25, 5:55, 6:25, 6:55, 7:55, 8:55 p. m. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

*For Ogunquit only.
For Cape Porpoise, Sanford and Springvale via P. K. & Y. Div.—6:55, 7:55 a. m., and every hour until 6:55 p. m. 7:55 p. m. for Cape Porpoise and Sanford only. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor, York Beach, Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk, Town House, Biddeford, Kennebunkport, Cape Porpoise, Sanford and Springvale via Rosemary—6:55, 7:55 a. m., and every hour until 7:55 p. m. 8:55 and 9:55 p. m. for Ogunquit only. Sundays—First trip 7:55 a. m.

*Does not connect for Springvale.
L. H. McCRAE, Superintendent, Sanford, Maine.

EXETER, HAMPTON & AMES

BURY ST. RY., HAMPTON

N. H.

Spring Schedule in Effect June 26.
Subject to Change Without Notice.
Unavoidable Delays Excepted.

Cars leave Hampton Beach for Exeter—6:00, 6:50, 7:20, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 10:00 p. m.; then 11:00 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday nights, 12:00 p. m.

Cars leave Hampton Beach for Rye and Portsmouth—7:45, 8:15 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 9:45 p. m.; then 10:45, 11:45 p. m.; Saturday nights, 10:15 and 11:45 p. m.; Wednesday nights, 11:45 p. m.

Cars leave Exeter for Hampton Beach—6:50, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00 a. m.; then every thirty minutes until 9:00 p. m.; then 10:00 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday nights, 11:00 p. m.

Cars leave Hampton for Smithtown—6:20, 6:50, 7:20 a. m.; then every thirty minutes until 10:50 p. m.; then 11:20 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday nights, 12:20 mid. night.

Cars leave Smithtown for Hampton—6:50, 7:20, 7:50 a. m.; then every thirty minutes until 11:20 p. m.; then 11:50 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday nights, 12:40 mid. night.

*Does not Sundays.
[7:50 a. m. Sundays.
J. A. MACADAMS, Supt.

First National Bank

of Portsmouth New Hampshire

U. S. DEPOSITORY

J. K. BATES President

C. A. HAZLET Cashier

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

George A. Jackson.

CARPENTER

AND

BUILDER,

[No. 6 Dearborn Street.

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE LARGEST SALE OF
Ladies Ask Your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold wrapper.
Take in order. Box of four
Pills. Ask your Druggist for
your Diamond Brand Pills for
your health. Sold by Druggists
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

WELCOME HOME

Returning Sons and Daughters Here
in Great Number and Getting
Great Welcome.

Welcome Home! was the expression that was very common on Saturday and Sunday, for it seemed to be the adopted greeting of all of the people of this city for the hundreds of sons and daughters and former residents who are here for the Old Home celebration. The crowd began to come on Saturday morning and every train brought great numbers of them, and especially in the afternoon and evening. They were from all parts of the country, all anxious to get back to Old Portsmouth and great old friends and family acquaintances. Some were here who have not been here for thirty and forty years and in one or two cases some had not been back to the town of their birth for nearly a half century.

Everywhere could be seen reunions as the home-coming people ran across old friends. In some cases it was the returning son or daughter who was the first to recognize and it is safe to say that there were more school day associations renewed Saturday and Sunday than for many years. Everybody held out the glad hand of welcome and as one observant citizen remarked, "I never saw so much good feeling displayed in this city before."

The advance guard of the New York delegation arrived Saturday night, when Captain Thomas M. Jackson, the chief marshal, and Edward J. Kelly and Col. Albert Wood of the committee arrived in the city and at once began getting the final arrangements made for their delegation, ready.

For the Boston delegation, Col. T. G. Marvin, the chief marshal, is

already here and his adjutant, A. J. Howe, (sounds better to say Bert), arrived Saturday night, and with him the umbrellas and badges for the delegation. As there were already a good number here they were distributed and they met the others on the arrival of the special train Monday morning.

All that will mar one of the best things this grand old city has ever seen will be bad weather. The people are here, the arrangements for the big parade are completed and the afternoon sports and exercises, and the fireworks in the evening, and while they will be carried out even with rain, it will be a set back. The wind was from the east Sunday and it was overcast during the day and rain started shortly after midnight, but it was only a short shower.

The big parade will start at 11:05 this forenoon and move over the route published elsewhere in this paper. The roster of the parade is also published elsewhere in this paper.

The athletic sports will start at two o'clock this afternoon and the literary exercises at Music Hall at four o'clock. The fireworks at the South playgrounds which will wind up the celebration will start shortly after eight o'clock, and they will last about an hour and a half. One of the busiest places on Sunday, and the same will be true today, was the information bureau and registration room at the Y. M. C. A. There was a constant stream of visitors on Sunday and Chairman Booth and his hands full. During the day considerable over a hundred had registered.

upon evil days, the famous trees are still standing—the great horse-chestnut planted by Gen. Whipple, the wonderful Linden that has glorified the street for nearly two hundred years—the sunshine still lies, as Altrich said, a foot thick on the ancient wharves along the water-front—St. John's still lifts its soft-toned walls and green apple above old house roofs—along the river still stretched that line of "narrow, high-shouldered warehouses, which," says Howells, "recall Holland, especially in a row with their gables broken in steps, after the Dutch fashion." Yes, the returning son finds all the old characteristic landmarks that he remembers so well, and feels with satisfaction that he has not come back to a modernized Portsmouth from which all that is quaint and interesting has been swept away, but to the old town by the sea, whose people have the good sense to retain those unique features which have always given the town its distinctive charm.

Another reason why Portsmouth is a cheerful town to revisit is also a reason why one likes to live here—namely, because it is a small town, and those who return to it, like those who dwell in it, enjoy the advantages of a small town. Instead of journeying miles to find an old friend they meet him at the first corner, all the pleasures of friendship are renewed at once and often, an afternoon walk becomes a social function. For it is the great charm of life in a small town that one is always meeting one's friends, always exchanging cheerful greetings—shopping and marketing are the everyday opportunity for pleasant conversation. In a large city one may travel about for weeks and barely see a familiar face by chance—only may be more lonely in New York or London than in the depths of a wilderness—to maintain one's friendships is a great and wearisome task involving long journeys and consuming an incalculable amount of time—but in a small town like ours one is perpetually maintaining and strengthening one's friendly relations with other people, one always knows how they are and what has happened to them and what they are doing or intending to do. Perhaps these are not very large matters to busy ourselves with, and yet they form the theme of those wonderful books by Jane Austen of whom Tennyson said "she was a great artist, equal in her small sphere to Shakespeare." It is often said that small towns are perfect hot-beds of gossip and small talk, and certainly we are all interested in each other's affairs. I once heard Portsmouth described as the place where everybody runs to the window and says "who is that?" Tennyson once declared that if, according to the old saying, God made the country and man made the town, the devil made the little country town. But that bright epigram is hardly based upon truth. I venture to say that in a town small enough for everybody to know, or to know of, everybody else, there is a wonderful amount of efficient kindness and neighborliness, very little of that bitter poverty and need which go undiscovered and unrelieved in large cities. A great deal of human misery exists and increases because it is unknown to kind hearts, it is concealed in the vast wilderness of some great center of population—but in the small town it comes to light and finds immediate and permanent relief. There is a real satisfaction in living where poverty, ignorance, and want are not too great to be overcome, not too vast to be discovered and helped. How efficient all charitable institutions in such a place can be, how adequate the schools, not the humblest child is forgotten or ignored. There may be evil in the small country town due to its smallness, but on the whole the privileges of life there are greater than its evils. "I would rather," says Mr. Albee in his recent book "Confessions of Boyhood," "I would rather be remembered in such a place than to be famous in ten cities," and he regrets that he cannot say with Plutarch, "I live in a little town and I choose to live there lest it should become smaller"—a sentiment which those of us who know and love this pleasant town are delighted to share with the old Greek.

Yes, it seems to me that it may be said of life in a small place, in the words of Emerson, that "the salve is greater than the damages." And to these may be added in an old town like ours the advantages which come from age—from the fact that so many things that are worth having were begun here long ago and all that we have to do is to keep them going. In the phrase of Jesus, others have labored and we have entered into their labors. The work inseparable from beginnings has been done. We do not need to establish a Children's Home or a Home for the Aged, or a Hospital, or a Free Library, or Benevolent Societies, or Churches, but only to keep them up. What an advantage it is to live in such a community where all this excellent work has been done, and all those noble traditions have been established. We are like the youth who enters into the admirable routine of a great industry founded by his father or his grandfather whose indomitable energy overcame all the difficulties and obstacles that he before the beginnings of all business enterprises—not one of these difficulties remains—all that the young man has to do is to keep this sound and splendid business going. What an enormous advantage is his over the beginner who inherits nothing but must win everything.

So with the members of a long established community. What an advantage they have over the inhabitants of a new town with no firmly established institutions, where everything is in the process of beginning, and all the toil inseparable from that process cries out to be done. It seems to me a great privilege to live in an old town like ours where so much that is desirable was begun long ago and only needs to be kept going.

Take, for instance, a Church like ours. Everything has been done for it. The difficulties involved in the beginnings of such an institution were met and overcome nearly two hundred years ago. Three generations back this substantial structure was

built, and furnished with the equipment needed for religious services. More than half a century has elapsed since provision was made for the housing of the Sunday School in a building of its own. From time to time bequests have been made for the support of worship here, for the perpetual care of the church building and grounds, for the maintenance of the Sunday School and for the charitable enterprises in which a religious society may engage. All these things are ours without the lifting of a finger on our part. Contrast our lot with that of a newly established parish in a new town. The latter has to begin everything—its organization, its building, its financial arrangements—it has no inherited fund, no local prestige, no dignified position, no list of families whose names have been identified with the parish for generations. What a difficult path to travel! What courage, what loyalty to conviction, what willingness to sacrifice something for what one believes to be the truth, is involved in joining this new and struggling organization. I wonder that such an enterprise succeeds at all.

Certainly the members of an old parish in an old town have great cause for gratitude. They have not had to begin a church—all they have had to do is to keep it going. They have escaped the difficulties which are inseparable from the beginning of such an enterprise. They are the heirs of past generosity, devotion and piety. And I do not mean in a merely material sense as possessing buildings, funds and the like, transmitted to them from the past. They inherit also a higher order of wealth—moral and spiritual traditions which may be of great value to them, traditions of reverence, loyalty and piety which have been handed down through many generations. Under such influences it is easier for a man to be a faithful and constant worshiper than it would be in a newly established church where no such traditions exist. Parish tradition tends to deter him from the easy going customs of today when the act of worship seems to be a matter of mood rather than duty. He feels that one reason why he should be loyal, generous and constant in his church relations is that these qualities have for a century been characteristic of the men and women who formed this worshiping body. Just as the help to glorious national traditions may find in them his incentive to patriotism and civic excellence, so he to whom has fallen as an heritage the record of ancestral piety may rejoice therein as that which will be of service to him in his search for the higher life.

We see, then, that the advantages of living in an old town rich in noble inheritances and traditions are not to be ignored. Yet its people must remember that much remains to be done. We have inherited much but not all. It is not enough to keep things going—we must make them go better. We must go on building up still nobler institutions—still nobler traditions—than we have received. We must hand down to the future more than has been transmitted to us from the past—more both of material and of spiritual treasure. It is quite sure that the next generation will receive from our hands greater philanthropic institutions, better equipped and better endowed than we received from the generation preceding us. People returning now after a lapse of twenty-five years readily see what an extraordinary advancement in these respects Portsmouth has made since they were last here. I may simply mention, as a single instance, the Hospital which had its very humble beginning twenty-five years ago, and in that time has grown to be, almost wholly without municipal assistance, the important institution which we now value so highly, with its excellent building and its substantial endowment. The returning children of the old town must be impressed by such evidences of philanthropic activity among us. I hope that such activity will become increasingly evident as the years go on, and that, at future returns of the sons and daughters of Portsmouth, they may clearly see that, if those who preceded us labored and we entered into their labors, so from our lives came an even greater help and inspiration for those who followed in our steps.

ENTERTAINED WITH A DINNER

Dr. E. O. Crossman on Monday evening, had a party of friends at a dinner at the Farragut hotel, plates being laid for twelve. Hon. Henry H. Callinger and Senator H. E. Burnham with Col. James O. Lyford were among the guests.

TIZ-For Tender Feet



A new, scientific medical toilet tablet which

Draws Out All Inflammation and Soreness

This remarkable foot bath remedy is Superior to Powder, Plaster or Salve and is guaranteed to cure Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Frostbites, Chilblains, Ingrowing Nails, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Nervous, Sweaty, Bad Smelling Feet.

Smaller Shoes Can Be Worn by using TIZ, because it puts and keeps the feet in perfect condition.

TIZ is for sale at all druggists, 25 cents per box or direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE NIGHT
"BEFORE"ONE OF THE QUIETEST FOR
MANY YEARS—POLICE HAVE
HANDS FULL ENFORCING NEW
REGULATIONS.

The night before the Fourth, was one of the quietest this city has seen for a great many years, and especially up to twelve o'clock. In fact, if it were not for the number of people on the street it was but little different than an ordinary Sunday evening. Once in a great while the explosion of a firecracker could be heard, but they were few and far between.

At the first stroke of the twelve o'clock bell there was some demonstration and the explosions became more frequent and the town brigade cut loose. This continued until about one o'clock and it was a gallant effort on the part of a few to keep up the traditions of a noisy Fourth. The restrictions placed on the discharge of firearms in the center of the city, kept the police on the jump. From twelve until one o'clock there were a number of arrests made. Some of these were aware of the regulations while others were entirely innocent of any wrong. This is especially so of the sailors, for they had no way of knowing that there was any restriction on the streets about the square. It was in about every case the unintentional offender that was caught as the intentional offender made sure that the police were out of the way before they discharged their firearms.

The big fire on Christian Shore was started promptly at midnight and it attracted the usual crowd of people. It was a good fire and the flames lit up the sky for many miles.

The only result of the regulations regarding the fireworks in the compact part of the city was to drive the celebrators into the residential sections and disturb the sleep of more people.

POLICE MAKE
GREAT HAULRAIDED SEVERAL PLACES AND
GET CART LOAD OF LIQUOR.

The police with search warrants issued by City Solicitor Robert H. Harding made the biggest clean up of booze on Saturday night and Sunday they have ever made, and the result is that the police station and the county court house resembled a Maine city after a law and order league has had an extra good session. In all over a hundred cases of beer and barrels of bottles of whiskey were seized. All places raided were doing business without a license.

The raiding started Saturday night when City Collector Harding, while at the depot saw a team unload several cases of beer at the Commercial house, owned by Mrs. Hannah Sweet. He immediately swore out a warrant and with officers Kelley and Seymour they raided the place and captured twenty-eight cases of beer, ten gallons of whiskey, and a keg of whiskey. The stuff was all hauled onto a wagon and carted to the police station.

Sunday morning, Marshal Entick was with an officer raided the place of Lester Thompson on Maplewood avenue and found ten cases of beer and two barrels of half-pint bottles filled with whiskey.

Charles Marquette on Market street was the next place visited, the raid being in charge of Deputy Marshal Hurley. They found a room that looked like a wholesale bottling works for there were 44 cases of beer, two kegs of wine and several gallons of whiskey. These were carted to the court house basement.

Andrew Callaghan of Linden street was the next place to receive a call and here they made another big haul. Twenty-two cases of beer and one barrel of half-pint bottles filled with whiskey were captured and hauled to the court house store room.

Richard Dixon on Penhallow street was the next place that received the attention of the police, and here eight cases of beer and some hard stuff was found and carried away.

In the evening the place of Charles Steward on Water street was raided and nothing found. One or two other places received a visit, but there was nothing doing in the booze line.

In all 112 cases of beer was taken and all of the parties were arrested.

SUSAN AMORY BARTLETT

Died at Nahant, Mass., Saturday, July second, Susan Amory Bartlett, wife of Edwin Bartlett, and daughter of Arthur Amory.

Funeral services at Church of our Savior, Lawrence, Tuesday afternoon July fifth, at three.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lainsen and children, of Brooklyn arrived Sunday evening for the holidays.

Postmaster Julian F. Trask of Laconia is the guest of his nephew, Louis H. Trask of Jillington, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cogan of Montreal, formerly of this city, have ar-

CERTAIN RESULTS

Many a Portsmouth Citizen Knows
How Sure They Are

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills in Portsmouth. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical doubter. Read the following statement:

Charles E. Oliver, 3 Coffin court, Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Standing for hours brought a constant strain on my kidneys and I finally began to have kidney complaint. My back was so lame at times that I could hardly attend to my work and I was also troubled by headaches and spells of dizziness. When I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box and began their use, following directions closely. The pains in my back left me and I felt much better in every way. The cure has since proven to be a permanent one and I therefore advise anyone suffering from disordered kidneys to try Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McLarn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

BEAVER BOARD

TAKES the place of laths and plaster and costs less. Will not crack, chip nor deteriorate with age. For new and old work. It is warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Especially adapted for bungalows.

FOR SALE BY

Arthur M. Clark
49-51 Daniel St., Portsmouth

H. W. NICKERSON,

Undertaker and
Licensed Embalmer,

Office - 5 Daniel Street,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Residence 45 Islington St.

Telephone at Office and
Residence.

For Sale

AT KITTERY POINT

Near Gerrish Island, two houses. one of five rooms, one of ten rooms. Blinded, good cellar, all hard wood floors and natural wood finish, large eastern and town water it desired.

This house cost, seven years ago, nearly \$4000; one minute to electric and salt water, one half acre of land, and more land can be bought if desired. Price for all \$1800.

I have some excellent farm and village property for sale very cheap.

Geo. O. Athorne

Real Estate

South Elliot, Me.

Telephones—Office 351-13; House 522

7-20-4

Factory's output now upwards of Half Million weekly. Largest selling brand of 10c Cigars in the world. Factory: Manchester, N. H.

MEN AND WOMEN.
The Big O for venereal diseases, inflammations, irritations, or ulcerations of mucous membranes, Pains, and not extractable or venereal.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 50c a box of 100 pills.

THE D. F. BORTHWICK STORE.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

The National Hammock and Standard—The Most Comfortable
—The Most Durable—Neat—Artistic.
Denims, Cretounes, Burlaps, Silkolines.
Hammock Pillows.

SECOND FLOOR.

White Suits \$3.98.
Linen Suits \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50.
Lawn and Muslin Dresses \$5.00 to \$12.50.
Shirt Waists,
Percale and Gingham House Dresses.

BOY KILLED
BY BULLETLittle Body Found on Curb on Market Street—Accident or Murder
Police Undecided About.

A nine-year-old son of Adam Ozark of Russell street was killed shortly after ten o'clock last evening on the corner of Russell and Market streets. The young lad was found by a young man and woman on their way to the Kittery bridge, and he was lying on the curb. They thought at first that he was asleep, but one look was sufficient to convince them that he was either dead or badly hurt.

The police were notified and Dr. C. E. Johnson was called and upon his arrival he found a crowd about the body. An examination showed that the boy was dead and had been dead possibly for some minutes, and death was the result of a bullet wound through his right eye, which penetrated the brain.

Nobody seems to know anything about the case, and the police are undecided whether it was an accident

shooting or murder. The little fellow did not use the revolver himself and none was found about him, but they are of the opinion that he met death from careless discharge of a revolver loaded with ball cartridge.

Special Police Officer Boni Comstanie, a short time after the accident, arrested three marines, whom he thought might have been responsible for the boy's death, but there is very little credit to this. The marines, the officer claims, were at North End shooting off fire works and this lad was one of the many children who were assisting. The marines are good clean looking chaps and when searched at the station nothing in the way of a revolver was found.

County Solicitor Batchelder was notified and he sent Sheriff Spiney and Deputy Shaw down to assist the local police, but they failed to find any clue. Medical referee Walker viewed the body today.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

LOCAL DASHES

Clothes Wringers repaired at Horne's.

Smoke the Warwick 10c cigar, Ed. Brown manufacturer, 28 Market St.

Have your shoes repaired at John Mott's, corner Fleet and Porter Sts.

Norway Cuckoos brand kippered herring, Maine salmon, mackerel, live lobsters, haddock, clams, halibut, meats and provisions. Edward S. Downs, 37 Market St.

Lucullus Division, U. R. K. P., No. 8, excursion to Isles of Shoals Wednesday evening, July 6. Steamer Munnawket leaves wharf, foot of Daniel street at 8 o'clock, landing at Appledore. Returning at 11 eleven o'clock. Dancing.

and daughters of Portsmouth in TIONS

Say the Sons of Portsmouth From New York City

Portsmouth, N. H., July 5, 1910. The sons and daughters from New York thank the people of Portsmouth for the welcome so evident that it will ever be a pleasant memory.

To the committees who made the Fourth Return first a possibility and then a splendid success, the New Yorkers offer congratulations. May we all live to celebrate in 1923 Portsmouth's 300th birthday.

THOMAS M. JACKSON,
ALBERT E. EMERY,
JOSEPH H. EMERY,
EDWIN W. EMERY,
Committee.

THE WEATHER

Tuesday night and Wednesday—Continued fair with moderate temperature and light to moderate westerly winds.

YOU WILL WANT A COPY

Saturday's Herald, containing two pages of the old time reports of the returns of the Sons and Daughters in 1853, 1873 and 1893, may be had at this office.

An extra large edition of this number was printed, and they are still going fast.

INSTITUTION AT ST. JOHN'S

The New Rector Formally Inducted Into His Holy Office

The institution of Rev. Harold M. Polson, formerly of Biddeford, to the rectorship of St. John's church took place Sunday morning. Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, bishop coadjutor, conducted the service at the morning service and the new rector offered communion from the communion set presented to the church by Queen Caroline, wife of George II of England. There were also used the chancel chairs and the communion table, also presented by Queen Caroline shortly after the church was founded. A Vinegar Bible, one of the only four in existence, was in use during the service.

Judge Thomas H. Simes, senior warden, presented Mr. Polson with the keys of the church.

Special music was provided by the choir.

The bishop preached again at evening worship.

ENTERTAINED GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bewley of Pleasant street had the pleasure of entertaining old home day Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Whalley, navy yard at Portsmouth, Mrs. Henry Warburton, Pawtucket, R. I., Mr. and Mrs. Jesse A. Tobey, Mr. John M. Tobey, Manchester, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. George P. Austin, Acuburdale, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Addison W. Tobey, Kittery, Me., Miss Mary L. Rowlands and Miss Ida M. Deering of this city.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Whalley, Mrs. Henry Warburton and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse A. Tobey were participants in the old home day observances of 1853.

RESIGNED AFTER 20 YEARS

M. H. Bell Retires From Duty at the N. H. Beane Company

On Saturday Mesbach H. Bell resigned his position as salesman with the N. H. Beane company and will open an office in the Freeman block in connection with the Lincoln Stock and Bond company. Mr. Bell has been employed at the store for over twenty years beginning with the firm of E. S. Fay and company.

Everybody's friends—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.

INSPECTING
THE NAVY YARD

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Beckman Winthrop, accompanied by Capt. W. H. Southerland, senior member of the board of inspection, and Captain Albert Gieves, assistant to the secretary, made an official visit to the yard today.

Capt. F. A. Winther, commandant, and Civil Engineer L. E. Gregory, made the tour of the yard with the secretary, who while here, looked into the several improvements that have been carried out and those recommended.

Assistant Secretary Winthrop left for Hamilton on the afternoon train, where he is to meet the secretary at his summer home.

POLICE COURT

As a result of the several liquor raids the police court room was a busy place today. Charles Marotta, Hannah Mcweeney, Andrew Callaghan, Richard Dixon, Lester Thompson were all charged with keeping liquor for sale. They were represented by counsel, waived the reading of the warrants and pleaded not guilty. The court held each for the grand jury and bonds were named in the sum of \$200 each.

John Ramsey, charged by Sheriff's Spiney and Shaw, pleaded guilty to the charge of keeping liquor for sale, and was fined \$50.00 and costs, \$11.12.

Lester Thompson and Benjamin Blake, charged with keeping a disorderly house, pleaded not guilty. They were ordered to recognize in the sum of \$100 each, for the October term of superior court.

Edward Fuller and Edward Welch, drunk, \$10 and costs of \$6.90.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Last of Boats

The last of the shipment of boats for the several stations were made today in a lot for Norfolk.

Lots of Visitors

The yard was the scene of hundreds of visitors today, who were passing the week in town, following the celebration.

Wood Calkers Called

Two wood calkers were required by the hull division today.

Nearly Time for New Boats

The torpedo boat destroyers Paulding and Drayton, at Bath, should be along soon to go in commission.

Everything Looked Elegant

Everything at the yard today was in the pink of condition and its cleanliness and best stations on the coast.

USED BALL CARTRIDGES

Window in Market Street Broken By Shot From Revolver

Sometime Sunday night the glass in the window of the gate rooms of Oliver W. Hunt, was broken by the shot from a revolver in the hands of somebody using ball cartridges.

SIGNED FOR TWO YEARS

Under the agreement between the brewing firms and the workmen relative to the new schedule, the representatives of both sides have signed the same for a period of two years.

FIXING THE DOCK

The government is making extensive repairs on the wharf at Fort Foster on the Malbo side of the river. drug store.

PERSONALS.

Miss Olive Whitehead of Beverly is visiting Miss Ethel Smart.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pettigrew of Haverhill passed the holiday here.

Arthur Brown of Providence, R. I., is the guest of friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wendell of Salem are passing a few days in this city.

Mr. D. S. Polson of Canaan, is the guest of his daughter Mrs. Frank Willey, Columbia street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harro Steeves, and son Reginald of Dover, passed the 4th with Mrs. Flora Willey.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell of Epping, formerly of this city are passing a few days here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Austin of Auburndale are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bewley of Pleasant street.

Mr. Jesse Wilson of New York joined his wife in this city Saturday. Mr. Wilson will march with the New York delegation.

Mr. James Conlon of Pittsburgh is to pass a few days with his mother, joining his wife, who has been here for the past two weeks.

Mr. Edward Emery and family of New York arrived Sunday and he is one of the prominent members of the New York delegation.

William M. Griffin of New York, arrived Sunday to pass a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin on State street.

Dr. H. P. Clarke and his son Fred Clark of Montclair, N. J., were among the arrivals on Sunday to pass their Old Home Week celebration in their former home.

Mrs. Susan Burdick and daughter Miss Maude of Stoneham, Mass., passed the holiday as guests of the former's brother, Mr. William Lear on Gardner street.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred E. Drake of Norway, Me., visited his sister, Mrs. Charles E. Johnston, on the great day. Dr. Drake formerly had a dental office in this city.

Rev. William Emery of Minnesota, is here and Sunday evening officiated at the Methodist church. He is a Portsmouth boy and this is his first visit home for many years.

Captain Thomas M. Jackson of New York, the chief marshal of the New York delegation arrived on Sunday, and was very enthusiastic over the return of the sons and daughters and said that New York would hold her own.

Miss Constance Sheridan of St. Mary's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., has arrived to pass the summer vacation with her aunt, Mrs. John Griffin, on State street.

G. F. Porter of Salem, Mass., is one of the Old Home day visitors. He called at the Chronicle office to see the successors to the men who got out the Chronicle when he was one of the carrier boys forty-five years ago, when he carried the papers in a basket.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Rowe of Boston arrived Saturday evening. Mr. Rowe is the adjutant of the Boston delegation in the home-coming and one of the real promoters of the Boston party. Bert is very enthusiastic over the outlook for the Boston lunch and he says they will make a showing that will surprise the natives.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Stickney arrived on Sunday from Chicago, for the return of the Sons and Daughters. Mr. Stickney is probably one of the best known athletes this city has ever produced and today, while he is not following it in an active manner, can give some of the fast ones a hustle. Mr. Stickney is now in business in Chicago, where he has a well established business in exercising apparatuses.

Itching, torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief silvo repairs on the wharf at Fort Foster on the Malbo side of the river. drug store.

WILL PRESENT
A BANNER

The members of Storer Post, G. A. R., Storer Relief Corps, Henry L. Richards Camp, B. of V., Portsmouth Coast Artillery, N. H. N. O., the Portsmouth Cadets, and the public are invited to the armory in the old Court House, on Wednesday evening, July 6, at 7.30, to attend the presentation by New York sons and daughters of a banner to the Portsmouth cadets.

B. P. STODDARD, Secretary.

WIND WRECKED A FLOAT

The Biggest Mishap of the Great Day on Monday

The non appearance of the float of the Osgood lodge of Odd Fellows in the parade of Monday was a disappointment to the people, as well as to the lodge. It was due to an accident in which the wind wrecked the float on its way from the Maylewood farm where it was built.

The float represented "Fraternity" and was certainly one of the best that has been arranged for the occasion.

Lucullus Division, U. R. K. P., No. 8, excursion to Isles of Shoals Wednesday evening, July 6. Steamer Munnawket leaves wharf, foot of Daniel street at 8 o'clock, landing at Appledore. Returning at 11 eleven o'clock. Dancing.

Here You Have It

The Key Has Been Thrown Away. Open Day and Night.

Steaks
Chops
Salads
Lobsters
And Quick Lunch.

DOWNING'S,
73 Congress St.

Kearsarge Cafe

OPEN TODAY

The Place that will Make Portsmouth Famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

FISH FOODS

PREPARED BY ONE THAT HAS LIVED AMONG THEM.

Home Cooking a Specialty.

Broiled Live Lobsters
Steaks, Chops
Etc.

Prices That Are Reasonable

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

S. T. NEWTON,
PROPRIETOR.

SALE PRICES

TO JULY 2, 1910

2-Burner Blue Flame Oil Stove \$1.00
Garden Hose, 1-2 in 7 1-2 ft; 3-4 in 8 1-2 ft.
Hard wood Chair Seats 4c each.
Heavy Tumblers 20c doz.

Screen Doors

2 ft. 6 in by 6 ft 6 in, were \$1.00, now 79c.
2 ft 6 in by 6 ft 6 in, were \$1.25, now 98c.
2 ft 8 in by 6 ft 8 in, were \$1.35, now 98c.

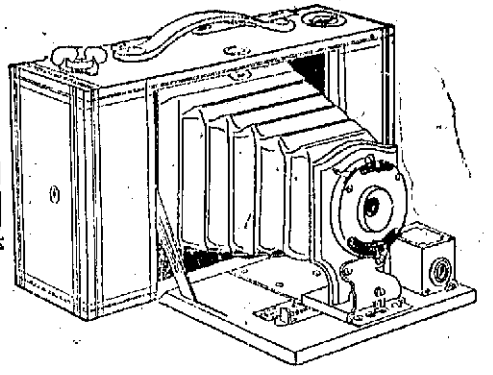
Screens

Were 23c now 20c, were 25c now 22c, were 25c now 25c, were 38c now 35c, were 45c now 38c.

Every article a bargain. Remember, sale is only 10 days, until July 8.

W. E. Paul

45 Market St

A New
Brownie
\$7.00

No. 2a FOLDING POCKET BROWNIE

Here is a new member of the Brownie Family which makes a picture of that highly popular size 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 in a folding POCKET Camera. Loads in daylight, has pocket automatic shutter, achromatic lens automatic focusing lock, reversible finder and two tripod sockets.

Other Brownies 1.00 to 12.00

MONTGOMERY'S, Opp. P. O.

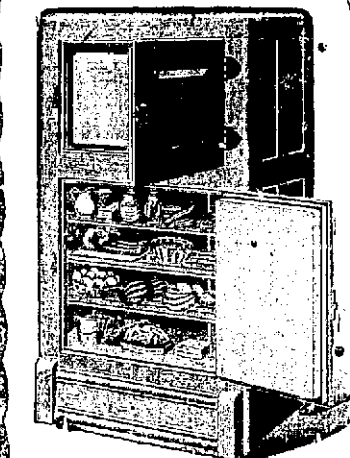


50c and \$1.00

F. W.
LYDSTON
& CO.,

There's not one good reason why you shouldn't wear Loose Fitting B. V. D. Trade Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Coat Cut Undershirts, and Knee Length Drawers.

There are a hundred reasons why you should wear them. They give true summer underwear comfort and they do wear well. If you want to know the many reasons why you should wear them—try them. \$..... to \$..... a garment.



Takes Much Less Ice!
Keeps the Food Colder!

KOLD
CLEAN
KIND

BUY THE BALDWIN

"The box with the Steady Steady cold wave"

A Bigger line than ever. A few new ones just come in.

JOHN G. SWEETSER,

46 MARKET ST. TEL. 310.

100 100 100
Gas Ranges

Sold this season in Portsmouth. What does this denote? It shows that the wise ones are Cooking with GAS. Are you one of them? If not get wise and COOK WITH GAS.

Portsmouth Gas Company

Look at this
REGAL
Oxford
in our Window

the next time you're passing our store.

Note its trim, smart lines and exclusive custom shape. It's an exact reproduction of an expensive model designed by a famous New York custom shoemaker. And we can show you other Regal styles just as smart as this one, if you will step inside our store. Regal Oxfords hug the ankle, and Regal quarter-sizes insure an exact fit.

We want to fit you to a pair of these Regal Oxfords, because we know they're the greatest shoe values in the world and will give you complete satisfaction.

\$3.50 \$4.00 and \$5.00

C. F. DUNCAN & CO.

